

WORKS BY HIS GRACE THE MOST
REV. DR. MAC HALE.

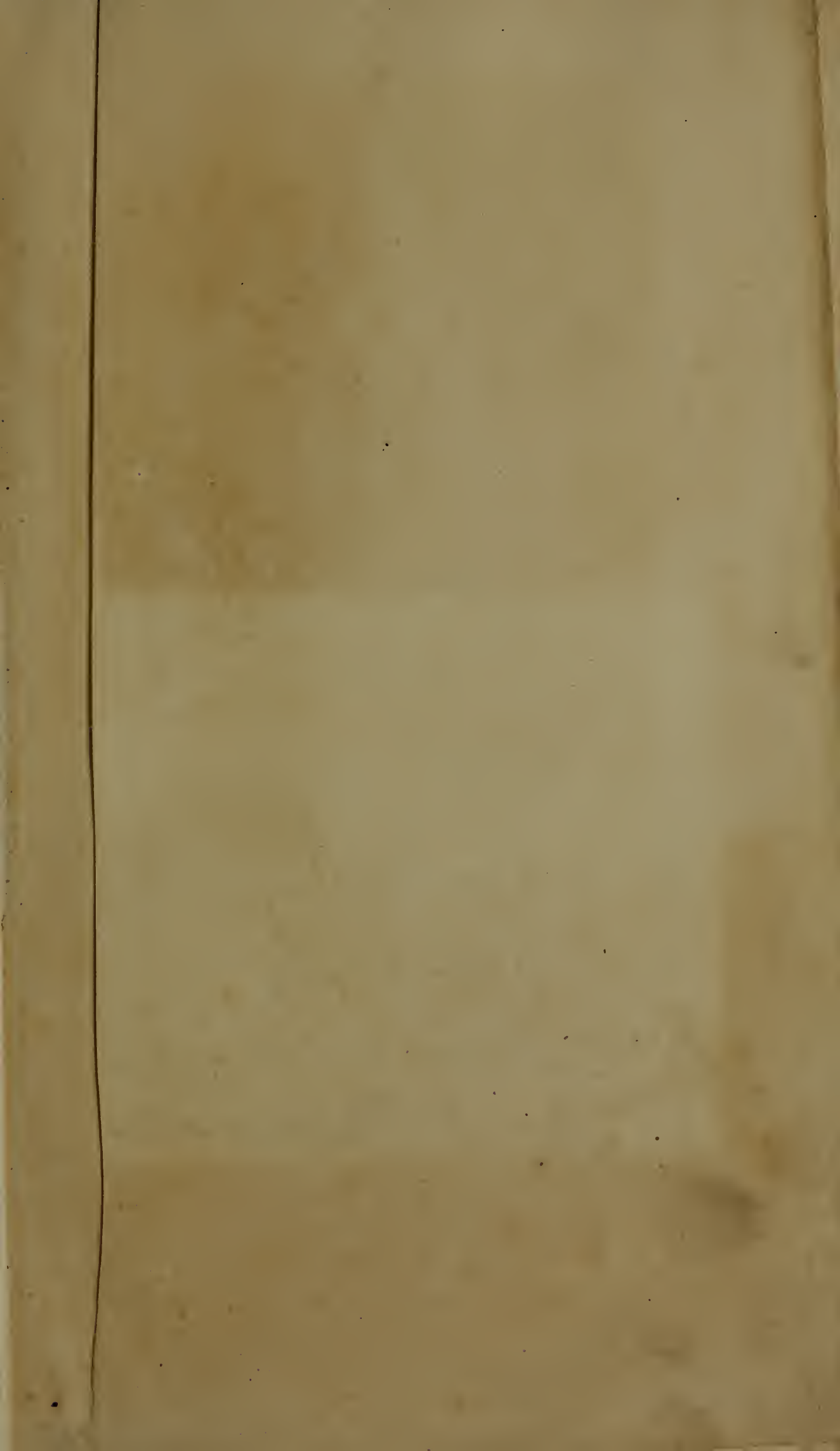
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ΤΟΣΑ

ΑΒΡΑΝ ΑΙΡ ΕΙΡΙΝΗ

Ro éan

ΤΟΜΑΣ ΥΑ ΜΟΡΘΑ,

Flait na b-pileasó

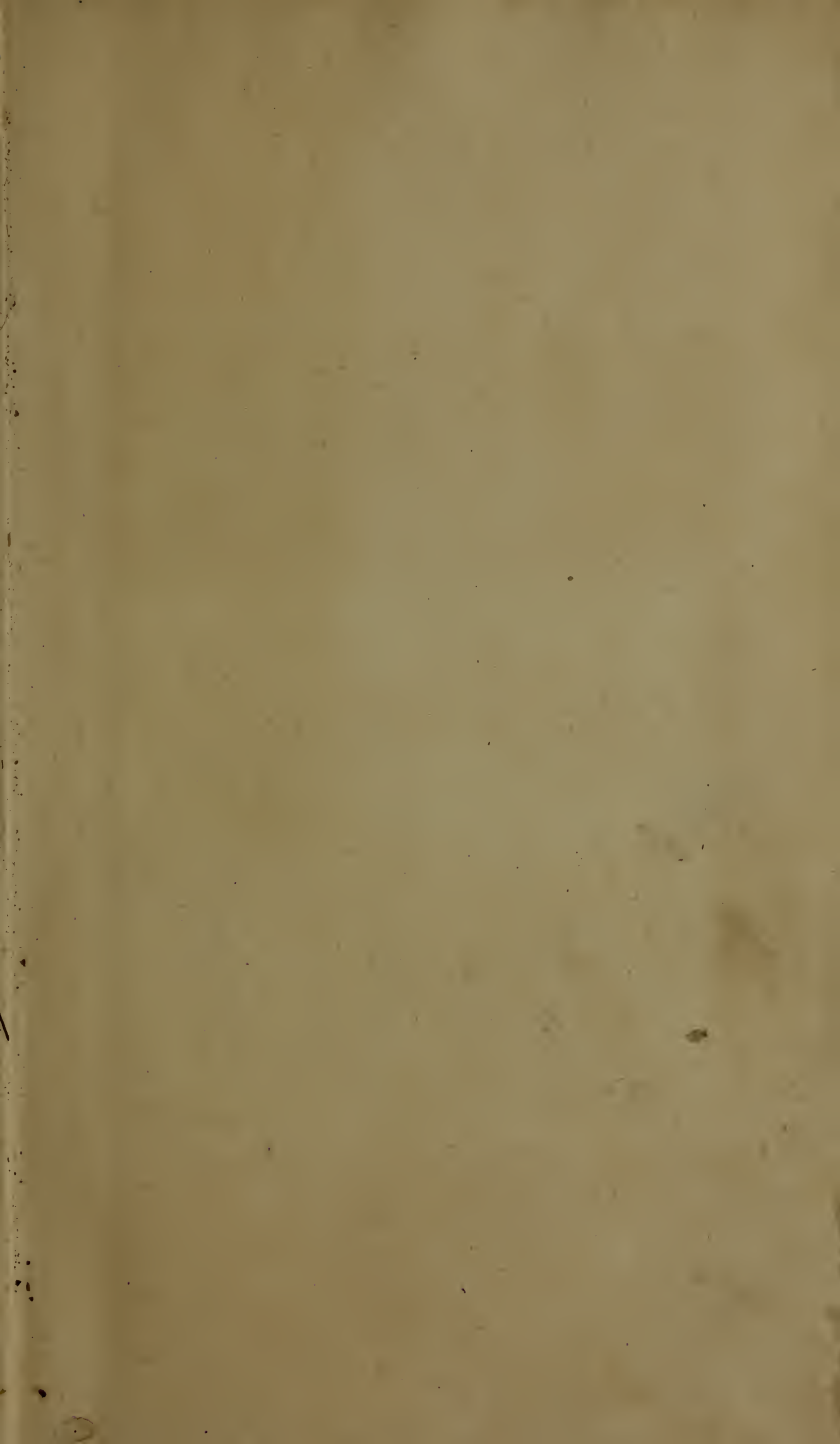
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Clob uailte agur rzeite

le seamus o'oub'taiž a m-baile a'ta clia't.

1871.





Painted by J. O'Neill.

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Your Very faithful Servant
John Archbishop of Tuam

A SELECTION

OF

MOORE'S MELODIES,

Translated into the Irish Language

BY

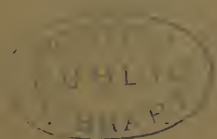
THE MOST REVEREND JOHN MACHALE

ARCHBISHOP OF TUAM.

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1871.



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PREFACE TO THE NEW EDITION

OF

MOORE'S MELODIES IN ENGLISH AND IRISH, ACCOMPANIED WITH COPIES
OF THE LETTERS HE WROTE TO THE ARCHBISHOP ON THE
SUBJECT OF HIS IRISH TRANSLATION.

Having published at intervals several of Moore's melodies translated into Irish, I now give an edition of them, accompanied for the most part by the original English in juxtaposition. This is an advantage of which the want has been much felt in the preceding editions. Aware of the more extensive circulation which an edition in both languages could not fail to command, I sought from the firm of Longman in London a relaxation of their copyright of the English in favor of a project which I considered would not injuriously interfere with their commercial interests. In this expectation, however, I was disappointed, although Moore himself had the kindness to interfere, as may be seen by the annexed correspondence on the subject of the Irish Melodies, now after several years published for the first time.

Time, however, the great arbiter of conflicting interests more important than those literary publications, has at length settled the question, and, by the expiration of the exclusive copyright, has released the earlier and almost the entire of those national productions. The present issue contains above eighty of those inimitable songs, comprising all of the ten numbers, which, for their national tone I deemed most deserving of an Irish translation. Of the later numbers, there are a few as yet without the English accompaniment. But, during the few unexpired years of their copyright, the reader can easily supply the blanks from the many cheap editions of the Melodies now in circulation.

Sloperton, December 10th, 1841.

MY DEAR LORD,

On my return, but a few days since, to Sloperton, I found a heap of letters awaiting me, many of which being "de omnibus rebus et quibusdam aliis", I thought might safely be left a few days without answers, and among these (from my not immediately making out the signature) was unfortunately your Lordship's. By the greatest good luck I happened, but a few minutes since, to open this packet, and lose not a moment in acquainting you with

the cause of a delay which must have appeared to you so uncourteous and so unaccountable. As the post hour presses upon me, I have time at this moment for no more than to thank you most cordially for your kind and flattering communication, and to subscribe myself

Your Lordship's obliged servant,

THOMAS MOORE.

To His Grace the Most Rev. John MacHale,
Archbishop of Tuam, Tuam, Ireland.

Bowood, December, 1841.

MY DEAR LORD,

I trust that ere this you have received my letter accounting for the long delay of my answer to your very gratifying announcement. That these songs of mine should be translated into what I may call their native language, is in itself a great gratification and triumph to me; but, that such a tribute should come from the pen of your Grace, considerably adds to the pride and pleasure I feel in it.

I need hardly say that any assistance I can lend by making inquiries of publishers, or otherwise facilitating your task, shall be most heartily at your Grace's command.

I am most truly your Grace's

Faithful servant,

THOMAS MOORE.

To His Grace the Most Rev. John MacHale,
Arbhbishop of Tuam, Tuam, Ireland.

Bowood, January, 1842.

MY DEAR LORD,

Almost ever since I received your last letter, I have been in expectation of being called to town for the purpose of pursuing my labours at the State Paper Office, which will now be a long and frequent task of mine, as I have re-embarked, after a long interruption, in my Irish History. It was my intention, had I gone to town, to make such inquiries on the subject of your translation, as would be more satisfactory than any I can procure through the medium of letters. I know nothing of the state of the *property* of the work in Dublin, but in London it is in the hands of the widow of the late James Power, from whom the Longmans derive the power of publishing it. To her, therefore, any application must be made to authorize the use of either the words or the music for publication in England. I should be most sorry, I assure you, if by any of those difficulties my work were to lose the high honour you intended it by giving your translation to the world.

The letter in the newspaper which you were so kind as to send me,

did not want any additional interest to its own power of language and thought; but, if it did, the sight of my own poetry (in what might be almost called its natural language) enshrined thus in the midst of *your* prose, would most abundantly afford it.

I am, my dear Lord,

Your Grace's very faithful servant,

THOMAS MOORE.

To the Most Rev. John MacHale, Archbishop of Tuam,
Tuam, Ireland.

Sloperton, April 30th, 1842.

MY DEAR LORD,

I feel really ashamed of myself for having so long delayed my acknowledgment of your great kindness; but, in addition to the usual pressure of business, I have been, lately, much and painfully occupied by the state of health in which my younger boy has returned from India. He is now, thank God, doing better, but we are still not free from alarm about him.

Your Irish (truly Irish) Melodies are a shame and a reproach to me, and I would willingly give up much of what I know of other languages to have been Irishman enough to accomplish such a work.

Yours, in great haste, but

Most truly,

THOMAS MOORE.

To His Grace the Most Rev. Doctor MacHale,
Archbishop of Tuam, Tuam, Ireland.

December 26th, 1845.

MY DEAR LORD,

I was for two reasons pleased and proud to hear from you. In the first place, to find myself kindly remembered by you, could not be otherwise than a pride and a pleasure to me, and in the next, the sight of another number of *the* Melodies relieved me from a fear which I was beginning to give way to, that you had not met with sufficient sympathy in your national work to induce you to continue it. This would, indeed, have been a pity and a shame, and I hail your new number as a proof that I was mistaken.

I find you have been able to make the metre of the Irish words exactly suit the airs, which must have been no easy achievement. I have a Latin translation of the Melodies, but of course no such *tour de force* is attempted in it.

Believe me, your Lordship's very sincere

And obliged servant,

THOMAS MOORE.

To the Most Rev. Doctor MacHale, Archbishop of Tuam,
Tuam, Ireland.

PREFACE TO THE EARLIER EDITIONS

OF THE IRISH TRANSLATION OF MOORE'S MELODIES.

THE powerful influence of music and poetry on the feelings and habits of every people, is too well attested by experience to require an elaborate illustration. Of our incontrovertible claims to a refined and cultivated music, and to the high intellectual tone of which it is at once the index and the offspring, the few following specimens from the now classical melodies of our country furnish abundant evidence. If further proofs were wanting, they may be found in the published *Minstrelsy* of Mr. Hardiman, or the many popular songs in the possession of Mr. Bunting, to whom every Irishman owes lasting obligations for the patriotic devotion with which they have successfully laboured to rescue from oblivion some of the most valuable relics of our ancient poetry and music. That the specimens of poetry that are left us did not always correspond with the beauty of the melody that breathes through them, cannot surprise any reader familiar with the records of that ruthless spirit which, equally jealous of both, strove to involve them in the same common destruction. Against the growth and perfection of our poetry and literature, it was, alas! as they were placed within its reach, but too successful, and hence they were so impaired by repeated aggression as to be almost extinguished: whilst our music, like the morning bird, so emblematic of its sweetness and its freedom, sought safety in higher regions from the shafts of its pursuers; and whether it lighted on the valleys, or poured its wild melodies along the summits of our mountains, it always possessed the magic power of charming the wounds which were inflicted by the persecutions of the stranger.

Yet it is not from the poetical compositions of our native bards that our melodies sustained most injury. Though the dress in which they clothed their thoughts was simple, it was in general natural and graceful, and in our popular songs in the native dialect, passages might be pointed out to the classic reader not unworthy of lyrical poets of higher fame, so faithfully was the spirit of the ancient muse transmitted through the Irish Language. It was only when our music was forcibly united with the coarse and barbarous pedantry of ignorant English songsters, that it suffered from the connection. Under this yoke it continued to sink, and would probably have sunk still

more, until taste should have at last shrunk from the contact of its acquaintance, had not a fond and master spirit seasonably interposed to save it from the degrading association. To MOORE our native music shall ever be indebted for clothing it in a manner befitting its dignity and lineage, and throwing over it much of the rich oriental drapery with which a congenial fancy had so amply furnished him. Thus attired, our melodies have been introduced into the most fashionable musical saloons of Europe, nay sometimes adorned in a foreign costume; but no sooner do they breathe and speak than they are at once revealed—the genuine daughters of the Land not less famed for song, than for the fidelity, heroism, and sanctity of its children. To introduce those Melodies to my humbler countrymen, robed in a manner worthy of their high origin, has been my object in the following translation. The banishing of those gross compositions with which our musical airs were oftentimes defiled will be doing a service to the taste and morality of the people: how much more so, when for them will be substituted those pure and lofty sentiments of patriotism and virtue, which those selections of the Irish Melodies so abundantly supply. The genius of Moore must ever command admiration. Its devotion to the vindication of the ancient faith of Ireland and the character of its injured people, must inspire every Irishman with still more estimable feelings. Seated amidst the tuneful followers of Apollo, he essayed the instrument of every muse, and became master of them all; sighing at length for some higher and holier source of poetical feeling, he turns to the East, and listens with rapture to its prophetic melodies; subdued by the strain, he lets fall the lyre, seizes the harp of Sion and of Erin, at once the emblem of piety and patriotism, and gives its boldest and most solemn chords to his own impassioned inspirations of country and of religion.

MEABRUIGIÓ CAITREIM BRIAÍN, LE'R ZHÁTÁC BUAIÓ.

Fonn—Maire Nic Alpin.

I.

Meabruigió caitreim briaín, le'm zhnátác buaió,
 Zió tá laete an zairzióiz 'na luíde,
 Zió cailte do'n Múimán é azur rínte 'ran uaim,
 'S nac b-fillpró zo Cion-óghaió a óiód':
 An peult úo na fait' rcap solur nac maib fann
 Air a z-cac, tá anoir baiíte fa óeó;
 Acé tá leóir-muin o'a lócran aiz lafaó air zac lann,
 Le n-ari o-zreóirúzáó cum zreire ann zac zleó

II.

A Múimán, 'nuair do bhonaó oit le péile neam-zann
 Zac máire, zac áille 'zur zac reun,
 Ar raoileaó zo b-fuizpróe air f'liab no a' n-zleann
 Loiz fuaóimair oirc foimneairtáim óeín:—
 Bideáó aiz an loólanac reanar cinte, ríoi,
 Zo o-zroirreamuir fa f'aoirre zo zreun,
 'S zur feáim a beit bliadóanta raoi ómeáóa, le beit raoi,
 'Ná táim uairé a rlabharóib raoi leun.

III.

Na dearmadaíó na có-laóma oílire, zuz toil
 Beit fapzuzíte zo calmaó 'ra n-zleó;
 Zió bió caonac an zleanna deaziz lé n-a b-fuil,
 Níoi zreíteadair, acé zuiteadair o' eir clóé.
 An zrian, a tá o'ar foilríúzáó, do conairc iao 'na luíde
 Air báinreáóib Oghuiróe fá láim,
 Ná bideáó rmuíro air, ná bmat-bhóin anoét aiz oul raoi
 Fá zur zuiteadair zan cúitíúzáó ran ár.

REMEMBER THE GLORIES OF BRIAN THE BRAVE.

AIR—*Molly Macalpin*

I.

Remember the glories of Brian the brave,
 Tho' the days of the hero are o'er ;
 Tho' lost to Mononia, and cold in the grave,
 He returns to Kinkora no more.
 That star of the field, which so often hath pour'd
 Its beam on the battle, is set ;
 But enough of its glory remains on each sword
 To light us to victory yet.

II.

Mononia! when Nature embellish'd the tint
 Of thy fields, and thy mountains so fair,
 Did she ever intend that a tyrant should print
 The footstep of slavery there?
 No! Freedom, whose smile we shall never resign,
 Go, tell our invaders the Danes,
 That 'tis sweeter to bleed for an age at thy shrine,
 Than to sleep but a moment in chains.

III.

Forget not our wounded companions, who stood
 In the day of distress by our side;
 While the moss of the valley grew red with their blood,
 They stirr'd not, but conquer'd and died.
 That sun which now blesses our arms with his light
 Saw them fall upon Ossory's plain;—
 Oh! let him not blush, when he leaves us to-night,
 To find that they fell there in vain.

EIRIN TÁ DEORA AGUS SMÍGEADÁ DO SÚL.

Fonn—Eilín a Rúin.

I.

Eirin, tá deóra 'sur smígeada do súl
 Mar an bóga-uirge cumtar ar mearzaó na n-oul
 Lonnraó tui cáire deór,
 Bhrónaó lár rianr' zo leór,
 Tá do ghranta fá dúbhan móir
 Ais éirige zaó lá.

II.

Eirin, ní tiorimócar do ciún-deór zo deó;
 Eirin, ní buan beirdear do las-gháire beo:
 Zo maib zaó daó fa réir,
 An-doinfeact lé cur zo léir,
 'S ais véanaó mar tuaz na rreir'
 Bóga ríotcáin' zaó trát.

NA COZARAIÓ AMÁIN AINM.

Fonn—An cáilín Donn.

I.

Ná cózaraióe amáin ainm, aóe coolaó ré faoi rzaó
 'S an g-cré 'fuair 'n ar cuiread é zo h-uaigneac ann a blát:
 Agus tuis, tuirreac, trom bidead deóra ar súl,
 Mar órúco na h-oióce tuitear ar néultuib na n-oul.

II.

An órúco úir, do tuitear zo ciún agus zo riar,
 Congbaigeann ré an uaim, ann a g-coóllann ré, ríom-ghar,
 'Sur na deóra, do riltear le uaignear na h-oióce,
 Cumroócaio ríad ar g-cúma úir ann g-croide.

ERIN! THE TEAR AND THE SMILE IN THINE EYES.

AIR—*Eilin a run.*

I.

Erin! the tear and the smile in thine eyes
 Blend like the rainbow that hangs in thy skies
 Shining through sorrow's stream,
 Saddening through pleasure's beam,
 Thy suns with doubtful gleam
 Weep while they rise.

II.

Erin! thy silent tear never shall cease,
 Erin! thy languid smile ne'er shall increase,
 Till, like the rainbow's light,
 Thy various tints unite,
 And form in Heaven's sight
 One arch of peace!

OH! BREATHE NOT HIS NAME.

AIR—*The Brown Maid.*

I.

Oh! breathe not his name, let it sleep in the shade,
 Where cold and unhonour'd his relics are laid;
 Sad, silent, and dark be the tears that we shed,
 As the night-dew that falls on the grass o'er his head.

II.

But the night-dew that falls, though in silence it weeps,
 Shall brighten with verdure the grave where he sleeps;
 And the tear that we shed, though in secret it rolls
 Shall long keep his memory green in our souls.

ΤΡΑ ΟΟ'Ν ΤΕ ΤΑ ΟΥΙΤ ΤΑΒ'ΡΤΑ ΝΑΪ Μ-ΒΕΙΟ ΞΑ ΛΥΑΟ.

ρονν—κολοαο αν τ-ριοναιξ.

I.

Τρα οο'ν τέ τά ουιτ ταβ'ρετα νας μ-βειο, Ξα λυαο,
 Δετ α λοετα Ξυρ αμζαρι πο ζευρ
 Α η-ζυιρην, τρια βειο ριαο α' ουβεαν ζλαν-εταο
 Αν τε, ουιτ-ρε τα ριντε ραοι αν β-ρευρ?
 Ζυιλ ρ ειρ ιρ τιομ, ρειρ οο ναμαιο το εαιν,
 Βειο α η-ζυιρτε Ξα ηιζεαο λε το θεορ;
 Οηρ ιρ ειντε, ειρ οοιβ-ραν βιρεαρ ειονταε αμαιν,
 Ξο μα'β ουιτ-ρε με οιλρ ζο λεορ.

II

Βυο οητρα βι βμιοηζλοηοε οξ' οιλ μο βιε,
 'S buo οητ μ' εαζνα αιζ μεομιαοο ζο ριορ;
 'S αν οητα, αρ οειρηαιζε, ριαφαο ρυαρ ο μο εροιοε,
 Βειο αρ η' αιημε Ξ-κομιοηηη ζο ριορ.
 Ο ρ' ροιβηη οο'η εαιηοε, ραναρ βεο αιρ α τ-ραοζαλ,
 Ρειερην λαεε το ζλοηρ' ιρ μορ η αιλ.
 Να οειξ ρηη μ'λ βεαηηαετ εο ζαρ οο, α η-ζαοι,
 Λε βαρ αιρ ροη ο' αρο-ρημ' ο ρ'αζαηλ.

ΑΝ ΕΡΥΙΤ, ΟΟ ΡΕΑΡ ΕΡΙ ΤΑΛΛΑΙΟ 'Η ΡΙΞ.

ρονν—μαηρε α ρεοηρ.

I

Αη ερυιτ, οο ρεαρ ερι ταλλαιο η ριξ
 Να ζαεε εεολτα βηηη',
 Τα η βαλλαιο τεαμπα ηοηρ ηηη α λυιοε
 Ζαν ρεαηραο εεοηλ, ηο ηηηηη:
 Μαη ρυο τα η τ-αη, ευαιο εαρτ, ραοι εεο,
 Τα εαιλ, ρ' α ελιυ ραοι ρυαν;
 Ιρ οηοιοε ραντυηξ μοιτα τεο,
 Ηη αιηηεαηη ηαο ζο βυαη.

WHEN HE WHO ADORES THEE.

AIR—The Fox's Sleep.

I.

When he who adores thee has left but the name
 Of his faults and his sorrows behind,
 Oh! say wilt thou weep, when they darken the fame
 Of a life that for thee was resign'd?
 Yes, weep, and however thy foes may condemn,
 Thy tears shall efface their decree;
 For Heaven can witness, though guilty to them,
 I have been but too faithful to thee.

II.

With thee were the dreams of my earliest love;
 Every thought of my reason was thine;
 In my last humble prayer to the Spirit above,
 Thy name shall be mingled with mine.
 Oh! blest are the lovers and friends who shall live
 The days of thy glory to see:
 But the next dearest blessing that Heaven can give
 Is the pride of thus dying for thee.

THE HARP THAT ONCE THROUGH TARA'S HALLS.

AIR—Molly Astore.

I.

The harp that once through Tara's halls
 The soul of music shed,
 Now hangs as mute on Tara's walls
 As if that soul were fled.
 So sleeps the pride of former days,
 So glory's thrill is o'er,
 And hearts that once beat high for praise
 Now feel that pulse no more.

II.

Ní cluintear cruic na Teanra tpeun
 Meafz cruinnúgáð ban no raoi,
 'Oin fuazmann, í beic feacta, faon,
 Fuaim bhirte teuo pa n-oróce.
 Marí rúo 'do'n t-raoiraçt, 'r anam trá
 A dúrçtar í zo veó,
 Aæt 'nuair a bhirtear cpoide 'z a çráðáð,
 Aiz foilríúgáð í beic beó.

na síl zur síor-aro azus aeraç mo çroiðe.

ponn—Seazán O'raçallaiç clirteaç.

I.

Na síl zur síor-aro azus aeraç mo çroiðe
 No ó linouð ço raon azus ciðtear pa trá;
 No zo b-panaið an rmiç lafar ruarçar na h-oróce
 Air mo leacaið air maoin çan rmuio air biç çráð
 Níl an pa 't-raoçal ro aæt faraç neam-çorriac
 Naç b-peiçtear aæt anam an ríor ann pa t-rlíçe
 'S an lám ír mo fançuiç an blác trío a ç-corriac
 Si 'r luaiçe çuinear na veilç ta paoi.
 Aæt cuir çarç an çuaç 'r air feað feal' ruilbir bíð,
 Ó mí-ao ar m-beaça beio cumóizçte zo leor
 Le veor çiz o rmiç' ðealruizçear çarçooçar cpoide
 Azus rmiç' iompuizçear teaçar na çruaça cum veor

II.

Ír çinte zur 'oira beioeað eizç ar m-bíð
 Çan e beic riçte le ruarçar 'r le çráð
 'Sur ð'-fazçain mo beannaçt aiz a t-raoçal ro a çoiðce
 Nuair a çailçair na reoða uo 'rçem a' r a m-blác.
 'Do'n te buð fearç cumam, re buð oiççe beic mealça
 Aiz euzçaim na h-airling' 'o bneuzuiç a çroiðe.
 S an te buð mó múinin ar muinçear 'r a çealça
 Ír aoibin mar çarað 'o, feall air a flíçe

II.

No more to chiefs and ladies bright
 The harp of Tara swells;
 The chord alone, that breaks at night,
 Its tale of ruin tells.
 Thus Freedom now so seldom wakes,
 The only throb she gives
 Is when some heart indignant breaks,
 To show that still she lives.

OH! THINK NOT MY SPIRITS ARE ALWAYS AS LIGHT.

AIR—*John O'Reily the Active.*

I.

Oh! think not my spirits are always as light,
 And as free from a pang, as they seem to you now:
 Nor expect that the heart-beaming smile of to-night
 Will return with to-morrow to brighten my brow,
 No:—life is a waste of wearisome hours,
 Which seldom the rose of enjoyment adorns;
 And the heart that is soonest awake to the flowers
 Is always the first to be touch'd by the thorns.
 But send round the bowl, and be happy awhile:—
 May we never meet worse in our pilgrimage here,
 Than the tear that enjoyment may gild with a smile,
 And the smile that compassion can turn to a tear!

II.

The thread of our life would be dark, Heaven knows!
 If it were not with friendship and love intertwined;
 And I care not how soon I may sink to repose,
 When these blessings shall cease to be dear to my mind
 But they who have lov'd the fondest, the purest,
 Too often have wept o'er the dream they believ'd;
 And the heart that has slumber'd in friendship securest
 Is happy indeed if 't was never deceiv'd.

Δέτ cuir táirt an éuać, 'r cóad' 'r fánar de gáeť
 Na fíinne géille aig fear na aig mnaoi,
 B'íoeaó grian leup an éumain aig máoin aig lae
 Sur mé folair muincur da óealpuzáó dul raoi.

GÍÓ SO M' AÍMARC D'ÉIGIONAC' AIR EIRINN A CAOÍÓ.

fonn—lin cúlean.

I.

Gíó ro m'áimarc d'éigíonać aig Eirinn a caoió,
 Geabpaó Eirne 'nn gac tíri, a m-béiódó cuirle mo ériodé:
 'Béiód' o' uet mar teac-óidoin, a céile mo élaon,
 Ir do porz mar réalτ-eóluir a n-geur-bhuio a g-cian.

II.

Go cluain uaigneać fáraig, no cuan coimíoeać, gopz,
 Ann nać féioiri lé'ri námaio aig g-coircéim do loipz,
 Ealóeao lé mo éúilfionn, 'r ní aipeócaíó mé an ríon
 Có geur leir an námaio, tá o'ar n-óibhirc ar óion.

III.

Deapraó aig ói-folt tiuż, fáinneac' do éinn,
 Ir éipopeao le ceóltaió do éláipriže tá binn,
 Gan eagla go rtróicpeaó an Saranać teann
 Don teuo ar do éruit, no don ólaoiż ar do éeann

buó lúacmār, tearc, seoiue na h-oiż-mna sam'.

fonn—ta an raíma teacť.

I.

Buó lúacmār, tearc, peóioe na h-oiż-mná raím'
 Agur fáinne de'n ói aig a b-fleapz ann a lám'.
 Δéť buó lonnpaiže go paoa a rgeim' ir a blac
 'Ná an ói-plac 'rna peóioe, o'a áille 'r o' a bpeáza.

But send round the bowl: while a relic of truth
 Is in man or in woman, this prayer shall be mine—
 That the sunshine of love may illumine our youth,
 And the moonlight of friendship console our decline.

THOUGH THE LAST GLIMPSE OF ERIN.

AIR—*Coulin.*

I.

Tho' the last glimpse of Erin with sorrow I see,
 Yet wherever thou art shall seem Erin to me;
 In exile thy bosom shall still be my home,
 And thine eyes make my climate wherever we roam.

II.

To the gloom of some desert or cold rocky shore,
 Where the eye of the stranger can haunt us no more,
 I will fly with my Coulin, and think the rough winds
 Less rude than the foes we leave frowning behind.

III.

And I'll gaze on thy gold hair, as graceful it wreathes,
 And hang o'er thy soft harp, as wildly it breathes;
 Nor dread that the cold-hearted Saxon will tear
 One chord from that harp, or one lock from that hair.

RICH AND RARE WERE THE GEMS SHE WORE.

AIR—*The summer is coming.*

I.

Rich and rare were the gems she wore,
 And a bright gold ring on her wand she bore;
 But ah! her beauty was far beyond
 Her sparkling gems or snow-white wand.

II.

Nac iongnad do'n mairgdean, a o' f'iafmuig an raoi,
 Beir ríubal go h-aonaid a n-uaignear na ríige,
 b'fuil rubáilcúe oig-íear na h-Eireann do móir,
 'S nac o-tnuítad go truaillid lé ainneir no óir?

III.

Do íreagair, ní' eagra nó buairíre air mo éiríde,
 ní óearaid clann Eireann dam dochar no díe;
 Síó claónmar air óire 1ao 'r air íeóirib go leóir,
 Ir anna leó coingíoll a' cáire go móir.

IV.

Lé ríigead ríaidad, larta ó ionnagar éiríde,
 Síubal an óig-bean go muinígnead iomlán na chíe',
 Ir beannaót do'n té, aig a maib doéur ar cáil
 Na b'flata raoi-beurad, íeara íoir Inne-ráil.

MAR GAT SOILSEAC GREINE AIR LINN DUB 'NA LUÍDE

ronn—airlin an oig íir.

I.

Mar gat soilseac greine air linn dub 'na luíde
 Ir fuar-tuil' na b'íoirí lé fánaó dul raoi,
 bídear an leaca bídear larta le ríigeó ríaidad, bláó,
 'S an éiríde ríig lé trom-ualad dubróin o'á éiríde.

II.

Aon éiríde amáin cumáid gan tám, bídear íoir-beó,
 'S aig ríle air ar laeib a óubain 'r a deó,
 Nac o-tigeann air, átrígead ó lannair, nó neul,
 S' a máolugad nó a buairíre go ráíóad an raozal.

III.

béir an éiríde úo o'ar n-gonad láir íleide gan ríge,
 Mar óuilleóg éiríde raímar air éiríde éiríde 'na luíde,
 A gealtar le gaeib na greine air a n-geuz,
 'S nac n-úirígeann na óiríde rín, lé n'a téagair go h-euz.

II.

“Lady! dost thou not fear to stray,
 “So lone and lovely, through this bleak way?
 “Are Erin’s sons so good or so cold
 “As not to be tempted by woman or gold?”

III.

“Sir Knight! I feel not the least alarm;
 “No son of Erin will offer me harm:—
 “For though they love woman and golden store,
 “Sir Knight! they love honour and virtue more”.

IV.

On she went, and her maiden smile
 In safety lighted her round the green isle;
 And blest for ever is she who relied
 Upon Erin’s honour and Erin’s pride.

AS A BEAM O’ER THE FACE OF THE WATERS MAY GLOW.

AIR—*The young man’s dream.*

I.

As a beam o’er the face of the waters may glow,
 While the tide runs in darkness and coldness below,
 So the cheek may be ting’d with a warm sunny smile,
 Though the cold heart to ruin runs darkly the while.

II.

One fatal remembrance, one sorrow that throws
 Its bleak shade alike o’er our joys and our woes,
 To which life nothing darker or brighter can bring,
 For which joy has no balm and affliction no sting:

III.

Oh! this thought in the midst of enjoyment will stay,
 Like a dead leafless branch in the summer’s bright ray;
 The beams of the warm sun play round it in vain;
 It may smile in his light, but it blooms not again.

ní b-fuil ansa g-cruinne don cumar, no gleann.

Fonn—Sean ceann Donaáa.

I.

Ní b-fuil anra g-cruinne don cumar, no gleann,
 Mar an las a b-fuil có-íruic na tír' abann ann;
 Iy luaithe béirdear éalaithe uaim m' arriann, 'r mo bríge,
 'Na éirionfar an gleánn glar úo úi ar mo éiríde.

II.

Ní hé an t-amairc breáge, doibinn bí rgarca air gac taob,
 Ní hé lonnair an éirortáil, ná úi-blát na g-craob,
 Ní hé comgar na rruca mar eug-éol mná-ríge,
 Ait níó éigin níor díre tá a n-íomnead an éiríde:

III.

Síao mo cáirde, do ceangail mo cumann 'r mo élaon,
 Do rcar air gac níó ann, rgeim íarta na mian;
 Oir ní' don níó d'a áille nac méaduireann a blát,
 D'a feicirun tre íúilb air a m-bídeann agairn gíad.

IV.

A gleann doibinn éat-abna, buó ruairneac mo íuan
 Faoi íaragao do cábáin lé mo cara íoir-buan,
 'N áit a m-béiríomuo ó na ríontuib faoi tírean go ráim
 'S ar g-cíoríte mar do éirín-íruca cóimeargea lé dáim.

naom senán agus an bean-cuarta.

Fonn—An t-íraóanán donn.

I

O! deiríge a' r' fás, an long gan áo,
 An innir beannuige' íom an lá;
 Oir air do bóir, gíó iy uoicéat an oirde
 Cíom cuma, iy uual do mnaoi:
 Oir fe mo íom' ía'n í ro, cló
 Coir' mna nac b-farfar ann go deo.

THE MEETING OF THE WATERS.

AIR—The old head of Denis.

I.

There is not in this wide world a valley so sweet
 As that vale in whose bosom the bright waters meet;
 Oh! the last ray of feeling and life must depart,
 Ere the bloom of that valley shall fade from my heart.

II.

Yet it *was* not that Nature had shed o'er the scene
 Her purest of crystal and brightest of green;
 'T was not the soft magic of streamlet or rill,
 Oh! no—it was something more exquisite still.

III.

'T was that friends, the belov'd of my bosom, were near,
 Who made every dear scene of enchantment more dear,
 And who felt how the best charms of nature improve,
 When we see them reflected from looks that we love.

IV.

Sweet Vale of Avoca! how calm could I rest
 In thy bosom of shade, with the friends I love best,
 Where the storms that we feel in this cold world should cease,
 And our hearts, like thy waters, be mingled in peace.

ST. SENANUS AND THE LADY.

I.

“Oh! haste and leave this sacred isle,
 “Unholy bark, ere morning smile;
 “For on thy deck, though dark it be,
 “A female form I see;
 “And I have sworn this sainted sod
 “Shall ne'er by woman's foot be trod”.

II.

O aḍairi! na cuiri éiríocht an t-ghuḡ,
 Mo bás láiri ríonta 'r tonnta 'oub';
 Toimḡim beirḡ ḡo h-uiméal ó éiríocht
 Roirt o' oirḡa mairíocht a' r' oiríocht,
 Fíri beannuigḡe n' l' aon áobairi rḡaḡ'
 ḡo m'leab' mo éiríocht an t-úiríocht no bláḡ.

III.

Níoirí óeonnuiḡ áiríocht 'do ḡuḡ na mna
 'ḡuḡ o' fíll an long le cóirí 'ra tría,
 Aḡt 'da n-óeairíocht an óiríocht-beairíocht
 Ann ḡo o-ti éiríocht na h-oiríocht,
 'Do ríerí na rḡeulḡ' buíocht níoiríocht an baogal
 Naḡ o-treiríocht an t-oiríocht le n-a rāogal.

naḡ doiríocht uairíocht aig tomāḡ ḡreine' anns an b-frairíocht.

Fonn—Carāḡ an t-ríogal.

I.

Naḡ doiríocht uairíocht aig tomāḡ ḡreine' ann' a' b-frairíocht,
 'S a rōlur rínte airíocht a ḡ-cíuḡ-tonn ḡo tríaḡ!
 Tis ó airíocht airíocht, airíocht tuisleiríocht an n-oiríocht,
 Aig oíríocht cúiríocht airíocht aig-cíuḡ, úiríocht ann airíocht.

II.

Tría' óeairíocht lóeríocht laḡ an lae aig 'oul rāoi,
 'S an áiríocht-beairíocht leiríocht an oiríocht-rāil buíocht;
 Tuiríocht tonna lonniríocht' tnuḡairíocht, tuiḡairíocht rāoi ḡo cuan
 Na h-inniríocht áiríocht, a b-fuiríocht ann rēun 'ḡuḡ ruan.

II.

"O Father! send not hence my bark,
 "Through wintry winds and o'er billows dark.
 "I come with humble heart to share
 "Thy morn and evening prayer:
 "Nor mine the feet, O holy Saint,
 "The brightness of thy sod to taint".

III.

The Lady's prayer Senanus spurn'd;
 The winds blew fresh, the bark return'd:
 But legends hint, that had the maid
 Till morning's light delay'd,
 And given the saint one rosy smile,
 She ne'er had left his lonely isle.

HOW DEAR TO ME THE HOUR.

AIR—*The twisting of the rope.*

I.

How dear to me the hour when daylight dies,
 And sunbeams melt along the silent sea,
 For then sweet dreams of other days arise,
 And memory breathes her every sigh to thee.

II.

And, as I watch the line of light, that plays
 Along the smooth wave tow'rd the burning west,
 I long to tread that path of golden rays,
 And think 't will lead to some bright isle of rest.

DILEAD AN FILLIÓ.

Fonn—Air reacrán.

I.

Tríá ciún n'eir báir beirdear rínce claon,
 Beiri cum mo ceile gmaóaiḡe, mo cḡoróe:
 Dó innir ḡur cōcuiḡ é rmiḡ' a' rḡait' ríon',
 Có'ao a' r air an t-raoḡal ro, 'nna comnuróe bi,
 Leí, abairi ḡan rilt don deorí amáin ḡola
 A lionraó le lionn-oub bḡón a cḡoróe,
 Aét bḡaon a cḡairḡeao' de caorí ríon pola
 Cum an fuḡioll a beir' falcḡa ḡac lá a' oróce.

II.

'Nuair beirdear polur mo ceol' 'nna luiróe
 Béiri mo cláirreac ḡo o-tí' do lann,
 Cḡoc í ruar le h-air' doḡuir an tiḡe
 'B-ḡaḡann riúbalaró' tuirreac' rḡit' fáiltamail ann,
 'S tríá déanḡar bairó boct reacrán' rearaó'
 A ouraét a teuda ar ruar ḡo mḡnḡ,
 Bírdeao' cumḡne air an b-rile air leir í, a laraó,
 Do rmiḡ' do leanb na ḡ-ceolta binn.

III.

Conbuiḡ, a' r é 'noir' ḡaorí mḡaol, an rḡála
 Cum, -n'éir me imḡeacét,—beir' air do cláir
 Aét beul ḡan cumán air fléiró no' daia
 ḡo deo m' bḡairrío' deorí ar a báir.
 Aét ma bḡídeann ḡearí ríorí ḡan claon í meallaó,
 Ar ólḡar o' a rún nac' oual a cḡráó,
 Mo ḡaete beiró 'ḡ eitíoll teacét ann mḡiri ḡeallaó,
 'ḡur beannuḡaó ḡac bḡaon de 'n ḡ-cuaó' ra tríá.

THE BARD'S LEGACY.

Air—Wanting.

I.

When in death I shall calm recline,
Oh! bear my heart to my mistress dear:
Tell her it liv'd upon smiles and wine
Of the brightest hue, while it linger'd here.
Bid her not shed one tear of sorrow,
To sully a heart so brilliant and light;
But balmy drops of the red grape borrow,
To bathe the relic from morn till night.

II.

When the light of my song is o'er,
Then take my harp to your ancient hall;
Hang it up at that friendly door,
Where weary travellers love to call.
Then if some bard, who roams forsaken,
Revive its soft notes in passing along,
Oh! then let one thought of its master waken
Your warmest smiles for the child of song.

III.

Keep this cup, which is now o'erflowing,
To grace your revel when I 'm at rest;
Never, oh! never its balm bestowing
On lips that beauty hath seldom blest.
But when some warm devoted lover
To her he adores shall bathe its brim,
Then, then my spirit around shall hover,
And hallow each drop that foams for him.

NAĆ MINIC DO ŻUIL AN BEAN-SIŻE.

Fonn—An ois-beān ouĕ ionmum.

I.

Nać minic do žuil an bean-riże!
 Nać minic do ćmārō bār an ċiorōe,
 Ais rżaoġaō žać cuiņż 'ra tġā,
 Do ōealb žlōiņ, no žġaō.
 Do žać aon laoć calma tā řinte
 Suan! 'r do žać řuil tā neulmāri le caoinġe!
 Aņi a n-uaiņ, ann a ž-coōlann an luan,
 Žuileāō na h-ōiże 'r na žairżiōiż žo buan.

II.

Iř ouĕ an t-am' ann a b-řuilmuio beō,
 Soluiri ō'eiri a ćeile řaoi ćeō;
 'r žać aon, a řcap lōćmann maņi řeul
 Tġiō Eriņe, anoir mūćta řaoi neull.
 'S tġiom ōeori an tē, b-řuil a ćġiorōe 'ż a bġiřeāō,
 b-řuil eużta a řō, 'r a ōōiż 'ža ćliřeāō:
 Aćt ais ariře an řlaća iř žeal žo leōri,
 Do ćuĩtear aņi a ćġiōćari an ōeōri.

III.

Tā aņi leuř-māriā mūćta žan ōať,^u
 Tu-řa, a Ćoin na ž-ceuō cať!
 'S tú eile! 'r aņi ōo bġiaćġiaġb teō
 bġi řuan, řaoiřġe a'ř řiřmnn, beō—
 ōiri eużta,—řaō beĩōeār žairżiōeāćt lannġać,
 No ōaoiņeāćt řa žeuř-ćġeāć cożaiō řżanġać,
 beĩō a m-beāća 'r a m-bār ann žać ōāil
 'Ża ž-canaāō tġi ūri Inniř-řāil.

HOW OFT HAS THE BENSHEE CRIED.

AIR—The dear black maid.

I.

How oft has the Benshee cried,
 How oft has death untied
 Bright links that Glory wove,
 Sweet bonds entwin'd by Love!
 Peace to each manly soul that sleepeth;
 Rest to each faithful eye that weepeth;
 Long may the fair and brave
 Sigh o'er the hero's grave!

II.

We 're fall'n upon gloomy days!
 Star after star decays,
 Every bright name that shed
 Light o'er the land is fled.
 Dark falls the tear of him who mourneth
 Lost joy, or hope that ne'er returneth:
 But brightly flows the tear
 Wept o'er a hero's bier.

III.

Quench'd are our beacon lights—
 Thou, of the Hundred Fights!
 Thou, on whose burning tongue
 Truth, peace, and freedom hung!
 Both mute—but long as valour shineth,
 Or mercy's soul at war repineth,
 So long shall Erin's pride
 Tell how they lived and died.

SÚO AIR SIUBAL TRÍO AN G-CRUINNE.

Fonn—Sarróda Eoin.

I.

Súo air siubal trío an g-cruinne mar leimh lári pleidí,
 Tábairet blas' de muo mílir, a' r' de muo eile' mian
 'S nuair a tuihirígear an rianr 'ra g-cruic' foiri bídear teit,
 Cum tíri 'riar beit' truaillad bídeann a' gann claon.

Má' r' mearfz na reoide ir áille, ir gna'ac',
 Trua'g-éioi'ó'ce a'iea'í, 'guz moirz gan ceo,
 Ní eizín 'uinn im'ce'ac' ar ar 'o-tíri fein g'ia'ac'
 'Cui tóiri' air mún' re'ic'ac'í'ail 'guz r'úile beo,
 'Noir cuim'í'z, a'iz 'u'íl 'e'ar'c' 'o'n' r'z'á'la ar a' g-clá'ri
 Má' r' foim'í'ar, no r'ia'm'í'ar be'í'de'ar 'o' a'ir'í'ar ra t-r'í'z'e
 Tríá cum r'lá'nte mna, 'be'í'de'ar cu'ac' lí'onta go há'ri
 Na 'de'ar'm'í'ar an r'm'í'z la'ar'ar far'z'ac' 'o' 'e'í'z'e.

II.

A g-cruic' Sacran bídeann g'air'í'ra na 'de'ire, ra'oi r'z'ac',
 A'iz na'c'air' le'ac'ac'ac', 'z a f'air'ie mar' m'ao'ri;
 Ac'c' 'o' t'riom' bíde'ar 'nna co's'la'ó' an na'c'air' z'ac' tríá,
 Go b-faz'c'air' an g'air'í'ra'ín gan f'air'ie ma' r' f'í'oi'ri.
 Ní' l' ann, r'al mí'le'ac' o'm'ra'í'ail z'e'ur,
 Mar' bíde'ar ann E'ir'inn ' coim'í'c' a blá'c'
 A 'e'í'z'ear ar g-ceu'of'ar'í' tríá go'í'ne'ar ar me'ur'
 Tá'ba'iret te'az'air' 'o'n' é'ioi'ó'ce t'ra bíde'ar 'z'a' é'í'ac'í'ó'.
 'Noir cuim'í'z, (mar' ta r'uar').

III.

'Sa b-f'ra'í'ac' 'nuair' r'z'ao'í'le'ar be'án-'e'í'le' cum r'í'á'í'z'
 S'í'oi'-'b'uar'í'ca' an r'ó'í'ra, a re'ol'ta lán',
 Ir ana'í' g'no'í'de'ar g'í'ac'í' ac'c' a t'ri'eo'm'í'z'ac'í' o'n' t'rí'á'í'z'
 'z a r'á'z'ail, a'iz im'p'í'ó'ce 'o'í' "a'ir'í'ar r'lán".

WE MAY ROAM THRO' THIS WORLD.

I.

We may roam thro' this world, like a child at a feast,
 Who but sips of a sweet, and then flies to the rest;
 And, when pleasure begins to grow dull in the east,
 We may order our wings, and be off to the west;
 But if hearts that feel, and eyes that smile,
 Are the dearest gifts that Heaven supplies,
 We never need leave our own green isle,
 For sensitive hearts and for sun-bright eyes.
 Then remember, wherever your goblet is crown'd,
 Thro' this world, whether eastward or westward you roam,
 When a cup to the smile of dear woman goes round,
 Oh! remember the smile that adorns her at home.

II.

In England, the garden of Beauty is kept
 By a dragon of prudery, plac'd within call;
 But so oft this unamiable dragon has slept,
 That the garden 's but carelessly watch'd after all.
 Oh! they want the wild sweet-briery fence
 Which round the flowers of Erin dwells;
 Which warns the touch while winning the sense,
 Nor charms us least when it most repels.
 Then remember, wherever your goblet is crown'd,
 Thro' this world, whether eastward or westward you roam,
 When a cup to the smile of dear woman goes round,
 Oh! remember the smile that adorns her at home.

III.

In France, when the heart of a woman sets sail
 On the ocean of wedlock its fortune to try,
 Love seldom goes far in a vessel so frail,
 But just pilots her off, and then bids her good-bye.

Δὲτ ἰνῆεανα Εἰρεανν κοῖνῶνῶν ἡαν ῥῆτ
 Ἀν τ-ὄγλαὸ ἡαβῆτα, ἡε ῥοῖν ἡ ῥαῖν
 Τῆρὸ ῥῆαλαν' ἡῖεῖνε ἡῖρ ῥῖοντα ἡαοῦ'
 Μαρὶ βῖ ἡνυαῖρ ἡ ἡῖρ ῥε ἡ ἡονῆ ἡῖρ ῥῆῶν
 ἡΝοῖρ ἡῖρῖνῶνῆ (μαρὶ ῥῆ ῥῖαῖρ).

βῖοεαῦ ἡῖρῖνε ἡῖρ ἡῖρῖνν ἡῖρ ἡα ἡαεῖβ' ῶο βῖ.

ῥοῖν—Ἀν ἡῖοῖνῶν ῥῖαῖρ.

I.

Βῖοεαῦ ἡῖρῖνε ἡῖρ ἡῖρῖνν ἡῖρ ἡα ἡαεῖβ', ῶο βῖ,
 Σῖλ ῶο βῖαῖτ ἡ ἡῖοῖν ῥῆῖν ἡ ἡε ῥῆῖλ-βῖαῖρ,
 Νυαῖρ βῖ ἡοῦ ῶε ἡ ἡῖρ-βῖοῖε ἡῖρ βῖῖῶνῶν Μῖοῖρῖεαῖοῖν ἡν ῥῖῶ,
 ῶο βῖαῖρ ὀῖν ἡῖρῖν, βῖ ῖαῖρῖεαῖρ ἡῖρ ἡῖρ-βῖαῖρ:
 ἡΝυαῖρ ῥῖαῖρ ἡ ῖῖῶε βῖαῖρ ἡῖρ ἡα ἡῖρῖν-βῖαῖρ'
 Ταβῖαῖρ ἡ ἡαῖρῖα ἡῖρ ἡῖρ ἡῖρ ἡῖρῖνῖαῖρ,
 Σῖλ ῶο ῥῖαῖρ ῥῖοῖε Εἰρεανν ἡῖρ ῶεαῖρῶ ἡῖρ ἡῖρ
 ἡ ἡ-ῖρῖν-ῖῖαῖρ ἡν ἡ-ἡῖρῖνῶν ῖῖῖῖῖῖῖ.

II.

Τῖῖῖ βῖοεαῖρ ἡῖρ ἡοῖ Νῖεαῖρῶ ἡν ἡ-ῖῖῖῖῖ ἡῖρ ῖῖῖῖῖ
 ἡε ἡῖν ῥῖῖῖ ἡε βῖῖ ἡῖρ ῥῖοῖῶ,
 ἡῖοεανν ῥῖῖ-ῖῖῖῖῖῖ ῖῖῖῖ, ἡῖρῖ βῖοεαῖρ ἡῖρ ἡ-ῖῖῖῖῖ
 ἡῖρ βῖῖῖ ἡα ἡῖν ἡῖρ ἡῖοῖῶ:
 Μαρὶ ῖῖῖ, ῖῖῖ ἡῖρῖνῶ βῖῖῖῖῖ ἡῖρ ῖῖῖῖῖ
 ἡῖῖ-ῖῖῖ ἡῖρ ἡα ἡαεῖβ' τῖῖ ἡ ἡ-ῖῖῖῖῖῖ,
 ἡ ἡῖρ ἡῖρῖῖῖ ἡῖρ ῶεαῖρῶ ἡῖρ ἡ ἡ-ῖῖῖῖῖ ῥῖῖῖ ῖῖῖῖῖ,
 Τα βῖῖῖῖ ῥῖῖῖ ῖῖῖῖῖῖῖῖῖῖῖῖῖῖ.

While the daughters of Erin keep the boy,
 Ever smiling beside his faithful oar,
 Through billows of woe and beams of joy,
 The same as he looked when he left the shore.
 Then, remember, wherever your goblet is crown'd,
 Thro' this world, whether eastward or westward you roam,
 When a cup to the smile of dear woman goes round,
 Oh! remember the smile that adorns her at home.

LET ERIN REMEMBER THE DAYS OF OLD.

AIR—*The Red`Fox.*

I.

Let Erin remember the days of old,
 Ere her faithless sons betray'd her;
 When Malachi wore the collar of gold,
 Which he won from her proud invader;
 When her kings with standard of green unfurl'd,
 Led the Red-Branch Knights to danger;—
 Ere the emerald gem of the western world
 Was set in the crown of a stranger.

II.

On Lough Neagh's bank as the fisherman strays,
 When the clear cold eve's declining,
 He sees the round towers of other days
 In the wave beneath him shining.
 Thus shall memory often, in dreams sublime,
 Catch a glimpse of the days that are over;
 Thus, sighing, look through the waves of time
 For the long-faded glories they cover.

BÍDEADÓ SUAN ORT, SRUĀ, MÁOILLE.

Fonn—Ardreadó m' Eiblín óilur.

I.

Bídeadó suan ort, sruĀ, máoille, tá boinnĀ le oile,
 Na buaidreadó na rionta do Āiun-tuille lán,
 Tá aig éirdeact 'r an oide le zol inĀin' líne
 Aig éadcaoin na n-geara o' fáig í le rán.
 Cá h-am béirdear an ala aig foim-Āeann a oħaoidéacta,
 Cá h-am do cluimféar a h-eug-Āeol aig toinn?
 Cá h-am do buailféar tam áro-Āloga mĀgeacta
 Na b-flaĀar, do m' fáiltiugad ó'n t-ħaogal ro zo binn?

II.

Aig do Āonn ĀarĀ ĀeimĀid, monuair! béirid mo Āainte,
 Aig Āuagradó mo oħaoidéacta Āié na Āaogalta zo buan,
 'Na Āad tá 'Eirde Āaoid ĀuibneidĀ' a Āeup-náħaio, rinte,
 Aig Āeideadó aig a n-uair le n-a oúradĀ ó Āuan:
 Cá h-am éirdear Āeult lonnĀad aig foilriúĀad
 Aig Āáim-innĀ Eirdeann lán-lóħain an lae?
 Cá h-am do cluimféar ceol flāĀair aig foilriugad,
 Āup fáiltiugad Āionnuala zo naom-āħar oé?

ĀRIAN-ĀOĀ EIBLÍN.

Fonn—Aig Seāħán.

I.

Bí 'caoineadó an ama
 Ārā Āum Eiblín' leħaħa
 Āaimic Āaħna an Āleana le Āeallta Āreug',
 BÍ an Āeallā Āaoid Āeul
 'Sníor Āar 'ra Āreup don Āeul
 Le Āūħa, Āup Āaill an óg-ħean a clú zo h-eug.

THE SONG OF FIONNULA.

AIR—Arrah, my dear Eveleen.

I.

Silent, O Moyle! be the roar of thy water,
 Break not, ye breezes, her chain of repose,
 While, murmuring mournfully, Lir's lonely daughter
 Tells to the night-star her tale of woes.
 When shall the swan, her death-note singing,
 Sleep, with wings in darkness furl'd?
 When will heaven, its sweet bells ringing,
 Call my spirit from this stormy world?

II.

Sadly, O Moyle! to thy winter wave weeping,
 Fate bids me languish long ages away;
 Yet still in her darkness doth Erin lie sleeping,
 Still doth the pure light its dawning delay.
 When will that day-star, mildly springing,
 Warm our isle with peace and love?
 When will heaven, its sweet bell ringing,
 Call my spirit to the fields above?

EVELEEN'S BOWER.

AIR—Wanting.

I.

Oh! weep for the hour
 When to Eveleen's bower
 The Lord of the Valley with false vows came;
 The moon hid her light
 From the heavens that night,
 And wept behind the clouds at the maiden's shame.

II.

Ní maib le faḡail
 Air an nae cairde, rḡáil,
 'Oir bhur amac air a leur go luac;
 Ac̄t co'as 'r beid̄ear rí beo
 Ní rḡapp̄ar air go deo
 An rlam̄ a tuit air Eiblín dūbac̄an a tuad̄.

III.

Bí an rneac̄ta' 'na luirde
 Air céim cum̄anḡ na rliḡe
 Trío an m-bogac̄ ann ar fill an Tiarina ó 'n ḡleann;
 Agus ir iom̄da loḡḡ nuad̄,
 'Sa t-rneac̄ta, millead̄ a t-rnuad̄,
 'O' foillrḡ a céim cum̄ an tḡe maí Eiblín ann.

IV.

Leáḡ ḡruan an lae
 Le tear-bhriḡ a ḡae
 ḡac loḡḡ o'fas feall-c̄or an Tḡarina ḡan c̄iorde,
 Ac̄t aḡ ḡaēte neime am̄ain,
 Tá ḡlanao' 'mac̄ an c̄áin
 'O' fan air 'cail 'barr̄ do-beir̄t na h-or̄de.

b' ARD É AN FUAḢRAŌ.

Fonn—An rḡḡaire dūb.

I.

b'ard̄ é an fuahraō, ó 'n t-raoir̄re do ḡáir,
 Agus b' doib̄in an uair̄, do t̄uḡ Spáinn̄iḡ air fáir
 Aḡ ūraac̄t cum̄ oioḡaltair ar ḡeibeal oir̄e c̄ruar̄o!
 O! a raoir̄re! ná rāḡc̄ar air o' aḡne don rḡíe,
 ḡo o-téir̄ir̄ c̄ar an iar-muir̄ go deir̄reac̄, mar ḡaoe;
 Tabair̄ solur̄ do ḡn̄uir̄e do ḡac̄ áit, tá 'ḡ a c̄r̄ádaō,
 'S ná ceill air ḡlar-feam̄p̄oḡ na h-Eir̄eann do ḡr̄áto
 Aḡ rḡḡeaō c̄raob-ola Spair̄neac̄ air c̄r̄oim-f̄learr̄ḡ do buair̄o'.

II.

The clouds pass'd soon
 From the chaste cold moon,
 And heaven smil'd again with her vestal flame ;
 But none will see the day
 When the clouds shall pass away,
 Which that dark hour left on Eveleen's fame.

III.

The white snow lay
 On the narrow path-way,
 When the Lord of the Valley cross'd over the moor ;
 And many a deep print
 On the white snow's tint
 Show'd the track of his footsteps to Eveleen's door.

IV.

The next sun's ray
 Soon melted away
 Every trace on the path where the false Lord came ;
 But there 's a light above,
 Which alone can remove
 That stain upon the snow of fair Eveleen's fame.

SUBLIME WAS THE WARNING.

AIR—*The Black Joke.*

I.

Sublime was the warning that Liberty spoke,
 And grand was the moment when Spaniards awoke
 Into life and revenge from the conqueror's chain.
 O Liberty ! let not this spirit have rest,
 Till it move, like a breeze, o'er the waves of the west ;
 Give the light of your look to each sorrowing spot,
 Nor, oh ! be the Shamrock of Erin forgot,
 While you add to your garland the Olive of Spain !

II.

Má beir oisneacht ceimic rinnear, a' r oisneacht a o-tuad,
 Do gac tír a' r gac teallac rnar rgiamaac a' r rnuad,
 Má' r lot an feall 'r má beir amhar leir cáin!
 A gairgíóig na h-ibhne, ir ionann ar rligé,
 Ir bídeao re gan leac, no deor éaointe 'nna luróe
 Beirdeao feiteao air bár air bit buó clutaiže vó
 'Na beir air uimír na m-buaóac aig tuirim 'ra n-gleo,
 Fá feamríos na h-Eineann 'r cnaob-ola na Spáinn'.

III.

A blácaig ir Uí Dóimnaill, 'éirig tír glar na m-beann,
 Ann ar h-oileao buir n-óige 'r nac raib le págail ann
 An vídean 'r an fárgao, vo fuair ríb a g-cian:
 Suróir an leur a bi larra le buir raom-gaoé, beir beo
 Ann Eirinn, go foilreac gan corruzaó, gan ceo;
 'S ná tógbaróe air éiric Sacran beir go mall a' r go fann
 Aig tarraing ra g-comrac n-ažaró námaro a lann
 Air ron cnaob-ola Spáinneac a' r blát Eirneann na b-rian.

IV.

Bail De air an tionreao! ní clirrió go deo,
 'Fao 'r mairreaf don laoc, 'nn a b-fuil tír-cumann beo,
 Le beir coraint na g-ceart, o'a b-fuil aige claon:
 Béiró glóir aig ríor-foilríúzaó na h-áit', b-fuil 'nna luróe
 Na mairtiríde éiré, aig ar bhír bhíon a g-cioróe,
 A b-fao ó cor claoáiré, nó tráill ruaraiž, raorí,
 O'a b-fairé 'r o'a g-cúimhao aig na h-óig-gaeti'b raorí,
 Faoi 'n g-cnaob-ola Spáinneac 'sur feamríos na b-rian.

II.

If the fame of our fathers, bequeath'd with their rights,
Give to country its charm, and to home its delights,
If deceit be a wound, and suspicion a stain,
Then, ye men of Iberia, our cause is the same,
And oh! may his tomb want a tear and a name,
Who would ask for a nobler, a holier death,
Than to turn his last sigh into victory's breath,
For the Shamrock of Erin and Olive of Spain!

III.

Ye Blakes and O'Donnels, whose fathers resign'd
The green hills of their youth, among strangers to find
That repose which, at home, they had sighed for in vain,
Join, join in our hope that the flame which you light
May be felt yet in Erin, as calm and as bright,
And forgive even Albion while blushing she draws,
Like a truant, her sword, in the long-slighted cause
Of the Shamrock of Erin and Olive of Spain!

IV.

God prosper the cause!—oh, it cannot but thrive,
While the pulse of one patriot heart is alive,
Its devotion to feel, and its rights to maintain.
Then, how sainted by sorrow its martyrs will die!
The finger of Glory shall point where they lie;
While, far from the footstep of coward or slave,
The young spirit of Freedom shall shelter their grave
Beneath Shamrocks of Erin and Olives of Spain!

mar an naoim-*teime* lasta a *ḡ-cill-dara* laiḡean.

ḡonn—*tá me 'mo cōolaō.*

I.

Mar an naoim-*teime* lárta a *ḡ-cill-dara* laiḡean,
 ḡan mícaō *tré* bliadanta *de* *doimeann* ḡeur, ḡoirḡ,
 Tá an *éporōe*, *bídear* lár *rionta* ḡeur', *úr* mar an *τ-éidean*,
 'S naō *ḡ-cóinnuigeann* 'na *ḡiaḡ* rin *air*, *fuigeall* *brión*, no *lorḡ.*
 Eirinn! O Eirinn! mar *ḡú* *tá* *ḡo* *mór*
Do *ḡprioḡaō* *airḡ* *bhuireāō* *é* *ḡú* *bhan* na *n-deor.*

II.

Tá na *ḡiḡaōta* *o* 'eir *claoḡaō* *ó* *á* *ḡro* *é* *ḡriōc* *a* *ḡéim'*,
Aḡur *neulta* na *h-oirōce* *airḡ* *teaōt* *air* a *ḡ-cáil*,
 Tá *Eir* *mar* *ḡḡuan* *maiōne* *airḡ* *éirḡe* a *ḡ-céim*
 'S ní *béirō* *aon* *τ* *rlám* *o'a* *ḡeur*-*bhuirō* *ḡo* *ḡairḡo* *le* *ḡáḡail.*
 Eirinn! O Eirinn! *tá* *le* *ḡaōḡaltaiḡ* *ḡaōi* *ḡḡáēt*,
Nuair *eulōcar* a *ḡ-clió-ran*, *béirō* *o* *caitḡéim* *ḡaōi* *bláēt.*

III.

Bídeann an *lile* *ḡeaō* *ḡeimḡirō* 'n a *cōolaō* *ḡa* *ḡ-ḡré*,
 ḡan *meāō* *le* *baiḡleaō*, *ḡan* *oúraōt* *le* *rion*,
ḡo *n-éirḡirō* *airḡ* *le* *ḡaētib* an *eairḡairḡ*,
ḡáḡail *ó* *éaḡar* na *h-á* *ḡro-ḡḡéime* *ḡarḡaō* *a'ḡ* *oion.*
 Eirinn! O Eirinn! *tá* *o* *ḡeimḡeaō* *ḡaōi* *ḡuan.*
 'S an *oóig*, a *mair* *beō* *ḡriōt*, *béirō* *bláētairḡ* *ḡo* *buan.*

LIKE THE BRIGHT LAMP THAT SHONE.

AIR—*Tha ma ma colla.*

I.

Like the bright lamp that shone in Kildare's holy fane,
And burn'd through long ages of darkness and storm,
Is the heart that sorrows have frown'd on in vain,
Whose spirit outlives them, unfading and warm.
Erin! O Erin! thus bright through the tears
Of a long night of bondage thy spirit appears.

II.

The nations have fallen, and thou still art young;
Thy sun is but rising, when others are set:
And tho' slavery's cloud o'er thy morning hath hung,
The full noon of freedom shall beam round thee yet.
Erin! O Erin! tho' long in the shade,
Thy star will shine out when the proudest shall fade.

III.

Unchill'd by the rain, and unwak'd by the wind,
The lily lies sleeping thro' winter's cold hour,
Till Spring's light touch her fetters unbind,
And daylight and liberty bless the young flower.
Thus Erin! O Erin! thy winter is past,
And the hope that liv'd through it shall blossom at last.

na tóig air an b-fíle.

ronn—Caitlín tíriall.

I.

Na tóig air an b-fíle, má euluiséann fá'n g-cluan,
 'n a m-bíóeann roḡ-claon aig fonóro faoi áro-tuaḡo go buan,
 Míorí éairí bí 'doigí rínrí 'r le uain 'sur le tría
 Go clutaíuail, 'do 'déanfaḡo gíomí gáirgíḡo, gan rḡáḡ
 An teuo, tá 'noir rínte air an g-ceol-éruic go rann,
 'Do feolfaḡo a g-choirḡe an námaio an bá-r-ḡáḡ go teann;
 'S an teanḡa, naḡ ríleann aḡḡ mil-íruḡ na g-claon,
 Duḡo tuilteac í aig bhoroúḡaḡo gíáḡo a tíre na b-fían—

II.

Mo nuair 'o'a éirí áluin! tá a caitríem 'nn a luíḡe,
 'S an choirḡe críḡo a bhírte, náir b' féroirí a élaioḡeacḡ
 Caitríḡo éascaoin a ríorí-ríioḡḡ beirí raluíḡḡe ó'n t-raoḡal,
 'Oirí ir bá-r-bheirí a corairt, 'r ní b-fuill a cumann gan baogal.
 Tá a clan gan don éeannar, marí n-óeannairí ríao feall,
 'S muirí 'o-triuailíḡíḡo a rínríear aig íompḡḡaḡo le ḡall;
 'S an tríllírean, tá aig laraḡo ríḡe céime, gac lá,
 Naḡ rḡíobḡairí ó'n g-cáirí é, airí a b-fuill Eiríe 'ḡa críḡoacḡ.

III.

Na tóig air an b-fíle a beirí aig ríorí-óeanaḡo rann,
 'S an t-olc, naḡ n-óán léiḡear, 'do 'óibheacḡo le gíreann:
 Bíḡeacḡo aig aḡḡ leuirí 'oḡḡuir, ir larríaoḡo go beo
 A ríorḡe tré bhac cúma marí an gírian tré ríám ceo:
 'Óeannairí íoḡḡbairt 'do Eirínn 'de na beuiríab, a bíḡeann
 'ḡa feolaḡo airí meairíball le fánaḡo a élaon,
 'S le 'olaoiḡ na g-craobḡ gílar, a tá ríḡḡe airí a éeann
 Marí an ḡíreus, aig ímíre 'oíḡalcair, ríalócairí ríe a lann.

IV.

Aḡḡ gíḡo gíurí ealuisḡ 'do míorí-céim, marí airíng na h-oiḡe
 Béiríḡo 'o'ainm 'ḡa luacḡo aig an b-fíle a coríḡe,
 An tría ir mó ríuarícarí airí a aigíne le ríun,
 Béiríḡo aig ríennim go h-áro-bínn 'do leaḡḡíom 'r 'do leun:

OH! BLAME NOT THE BARD.

AIR—*Kitty Tyrrell.*

I.

Oh! blame not the bard, if he fly to the bowers
 Where Pleasure lies carelessly smiling at Fame :
 He was born for much more, and in happier hours
 His soul might have burn'd with a holier flame ;
 The string that now languishes loose o'er the lyre,
 Might have bent a proud bow to the warrior's dart ;
 And the lip which now breathes but the song of desire,
 Might have pour'd the full tide of a patriot's heart.

II.

But alas! for his country!—her pride has gone by,
 And that spirit is broken, which never would bend ;
 O'er the ruin her children in secret must sigh,
 For 't is treason to love her, and death to defend.
 Unpriz'd are her sons till they 've learn'd to betray ;
 Undistinguish'd they live, if they shame not their sires ;
 And the torch, that would light them thro' dignity's way,
 Must be caught from the pile where their country expires.

III.

Then blame not the bard, if in pleasure's soft dream
 He should try to forget what he never can heal ;
 Oh! give but a hope—let a vista but gleam
 Through the gloom of his country, and mark how he 'll feel !
 That instant, his heart at her shrine would lay down,
 Every passion it nurs'd, every bliss it ador'd,
 While the myrtle, now idly entwin'd with his crown,
 Like the wreath of Harmodius, should cover his sword.

IV.

But tho' glory be gone, and tho' hope fade away,
 Thy name, lovèd Erin, shall live in his songs :
 Not ev'n in the hour, when his heart is most gay,
 Will he lose the remembrance of thee and thy songs.

Cluinníod an coisgíúeas do gáirte-choirde ríon,
 Raápaíó éagsaoin do éláiríúg éarí muirí a' r' éarí tír,
 'S do éiaúiríó, aig teannaó na rlabraíóe do o' élaíó,
 Sílríó deora na triuaíge le teann bhuirte choirde.

SZÁLA LÍON DO'N MNAOI.

ronn—heig, h-óú!

I.

Szála líon do'n mnaoi
 O'a o-tug an bairó sean móir,
 An óig do ceol éug znai
 Naó o-taúiríó coiróe o' óir.
 'O! muneasó choirde mná ráim'
 Do lamaió rílió zunn
 Faoi meairíó neas zan váim
 Ni bíreann fe leas éo binn.
 Szála líon do'n mnaoi, etc.

II.

Ceirúg znean a' r' sóg
 An Deire, aig glaine 'tíge:
 "Ó-ruil beallaó 'rteaó,—cia do?"
 "O' ar tpeire", fneazair rí.
 O' ionnrúg an glaine an t-'Oir,
 Zan péiróm le n 'óairí buirde,
 O' feairí rruíeasó an znean zo móir
 'Le a liaú-geal 'zeairíó éiríó
 Szála líon, do'n mnaoi, etc.

The stranger shall hear thy lament on his plains ;
 The sigh of thy harp shall be sent o'er the deep,
 Till thy masters themselves, as they rivet thy chains,
 Shall pause at the song of their captive, and weep !

DRINK TO HER.

AIR—*Heigh, ho !*

I.

Drink to her who long
 Hath wak'd the poet's sigh,
 The girl who gave to song
 What gold could never buy.
 Oh ! woman's heart was made
 For minstrel hands alone,
 By other fingers play'd,
 It yields not half the tone.
 Then here 's to her who long
 Hath wak'd the poet's sigh,
 The girl who gave to song,
 What gold could never buy.

II.

At Beauty's door of glass
 When Wealth and Wit once stood,
 They asked her, " Which might pass?"
 She answer'd, " He, who could".
 With golden key Wealth thought
 To pass—but 't would not do :
 While Wit a diamond brought,
 Which cut his bright way through.
 So here 's to her who long
 Hath waked the poet's sigh,
 The girl who gave to song
 What gold could never buy.

III.

An sean 'b'ídear ríor a' tnu,
 Le tigíte raibhur moir,
 Iy raínuil e le cnúm
 Dal ríor a s-clairib óir;
 Aét fuar 'do comnuigeaf zráó
 An bairto meafz neulta zeal
 Cí congubuígeann é sean mná
 Air talam air fead Seall
 Szála líon 'do'n mnaoi, etc.

ROIM AN COZAD.

Form—Rig-bean na Síge.

I.

Dar an 'oíg-óiríde, a tá aig foilríúzaó
 Dúinn-ne a márac bhrút an zleo;
 Dar azaíó na zréine, beídeaf aig foilríuzaó
 Orainn, faon, no buaóac, beo;
 O! iy ríor zuri nró nac ríú,
 Beir beo, mar 'daon-neac, zan don éliú—
 Mar an zrian aig claonaó lae,
 Téirdeann an laoc cum ruain 'r an s-cré
 Lári trom-zola éreab zó leor:
 'S beannuízíte an té air bhuac an t-raozail,
 M-bídeann 'a beoóadan ruziú zaoil,
 'A foilríuzaó ríor tpe zleann na n-oeor:
 Aét ó! nac breáz 'do téiróro cum rzít,
 A bídeann air uét na buaóa 'nn a luióe.

II.

Or cinn na n-eibléoz, 'veir an éot',
 Iompuígeann leaca an námas bán,
 Trí 'do cúimnígeann air an maz,
 Ann air éuit faoi neull a zlóir bí lán—

III.

The love that seeks a home
 Where wealth and grandeur shines,
 Is like the gloomy gnome
 That dwells in dark gold mines.
 But oh! the poet's love
 Can boast a brighter sphere ;
 Its native home 's above,
 Tho' woman keeps it here.
 Then drink to her who long
 Hath wak'd the poet's sigh,
 The girl who gave to song
 What gold could never buy.

BEFORE THE BATTLE.

AIR—*The Fairy Queen.*

I.

By the hope within us springing,
 Herald of to-morrow's strife ;
 By that sun, whose light is bringing
 Chains or freedom, death or life—
 Oh! remember life can be
 No charm for him who lives not free!
 Like the day-star in the wave
 Sinks a hero in his grave,
 Midst the dew-fall of a nation's tears.
 Happy is he o'er whose decline
 The smiles of home may soothing shine,
 And light him down the steep of years—
 But oh! how blest they sink to rest,
 Who close their eyes on victory's breast!

II.

O'er his watch-fire's fading embers,
 Now the foeman's cheek turns white,
 When his heart that field remembers,
 Where we tam'd his tyrant might!

An rlabhra o'fáirgead aghr zo veo,
 Do bhréamair, na léigíde oó
 Eiró, tá an t-aóairc moim oíde aig blaóad
 Zo h-áiró cum bhríte aghr zac laóc—
 Líontar ruar an éuaó zo ceann;
 Ir ionóda neac anoir tpeun, moim oíde,
 Beróear eugta aghr an b-fairt 'nn a luíde,
 'S nac n-óirgeairó záir na buairde teann';
 Aét ó! nac beannuigíte bár an luain,
 A téiróear le zol an t-raozaíl cum ruain.

ṪUIT AIR AN M-BUAÓAIRZ SLAM NA H-OIÓCE.

fonn—D' uét fionn.

I.

Ṫuit aghr an m-buaóairz rlam na h-oíde,
 Aghr o'foilríz teinteac bári na m-beann,
 'Nn a maib laócra tpeun' r an áir 'nna luíde,
 'S aghr fan oíob beo, neam-eaglac, fann!
 Nac boét an rgeul, tuar bhríte cporóe!
 Sáir-óoíg zairzíreac beir faoi lár—
 D'éir caill, a' r cneac zac uile níó
 Aét beata amain a' r cliu 'r an áir.

II.

Buó mall 'r buó trom bi teacé an trá,
 A o'fair na firi le imníde cparó,
 Zo foilreóad oiréa aghr an lá,
 'Nn a b-fuirgead zo cinde bár no buairó:
 Ta raozal, nac m-bróeann an fóirne raor,
 Nac z-cleacéann zeun-rlat tígeairmaró rian;
 Má r beairna an bár cum an t-raozaíl úo raor,
 Mo éruaige vo 'n rglabairde beo faoi leun.

Never let him bind again
 A chain, like that we broke from then.
 Hark! the horn of combat calls—
 Ere the golden evening falls,
 May we pledge that horn in triumph round!
 Many a heart that now beats high,
 In slumber cold at night shall lie,
 Nor waken even at victory's sound—
 But oh! how blest that hero's sleep,
 O'er whom a wond'ring world shall weep!

AFTER THE BATTLE.

AIR—*Thy Fair Bosom.*

I.

Night clos'd around the conqueror's way,
 And lightnings show'd the distant hill,
 Where those who lost that dreadful day
 Stood few and faint, but fearless still!
 The soldier's hope, the patriot's zeal,
 For ever dimm'd, for ever crost—
 Oh! who shall say what heroes feel,
 When all but life and honour 's lost?

II.

The last sad hour of freedom's dream,
 And valour's task, mov'd slowly by,
 While mute they watch'd till morning's beam
 Should rise and give them light to die.
 There 's yet a world where souls are free,
 Where tyrants taint not nature's bliss;
 If death that world's bright opening be,
 Oh! who would live a slave in this?

Ḍ'ÉIS FAD-SIÚBAIL TRÍ SAOZAL CRUAÍO, CAM.

Fonn—Ḍruaáca na Ḍanna.

I.

Ḍ'éir fad-siúbail trí saozal cruaió cam,
 'Súr cail' ar z-cáirde, céime 'r meaf'
 Ir áil linn ceol, le 'r éirt 'ran am,
 Rairb fór zac nio pa rnuao 'r pa rnar.
 O! nac fáiltamail fuaim zac rinn,
 'Dúraót rmuainte, éuaió faoi éamh
 'S aig lapaó le n-a zaetib binn'
 Simizeao a ruilib bi faoi rlam.

II.

Mar zaete aig téaót trí paraó blát,
 'N oir ó éricib zmanmar' teo,
 Bideaf an ceol, do cluinfrde, trá
 Rairb teazari azainn, reun a'r róz:
 Ḍ'éir zac blát beir érión 'nna luide
 Bideann a balao beo air an zaot zo fóill;
 Mar rúo, Ḍ'éir euz, do'n t-ranra 'coirde,
 Tis a éair' air air zaetib ceoil.

III.

A z-coineaf ceoil tá beupla fann
 'S an teanga ir tuiltige fór zan bniž!
 Ni'l aót orioeaót ceolmar fann
 Foilrižear rmuainte a'r rúin an ériode.
 Bideann focla cáiruir de žliocar lán,
 Ir breuzaiž fór iao bmačara an žráda;
 Ni'l aót zaete ceolta dán,
 Beir ciúnaf ríor zan feall, zan epáo.

ON MUSIC.

AIR—The Banks of Banna.

I.

When thro' life unblest we rove,
Losing all that made life dear,
Should some notes we us'd to love
In days of boyhood, meet our ear,
Oh! how welcome breathes the strain!
Wakening thoughts that long have slept,
Kindling former smiles again,
In faded eyes that long have wept.

II.

Like the gale that sighs along
Beds of oriental flowers,
Is the grateful breath of song
That once was heard in happier hours.
Fill'd with balm, the gale sighs on,
Though the flowers have sunk in death;
So, when pleasure's dream is gone,
Its memory lives in Music's breath.

III.

Music! oh! how faint, how weak,
Language fades before thy spell!
Why should Feeling ever speak,
When thou canst breathe her soul so well?
Friendship's balmy words may feign;
Love's are ev'n more false than they;
Oh! 't is only Music's strain
Can sweetly soothe, and not betray!

NÍ LEIS NA DEORAIB, DO SILTEAR SA TRÁ.

ṙonn—na ré piṙin.

I.

Ní leis na deoraib, do siltear ra tra,
 A rínteas é a ṙ-cre na h-uaimé,
 Tairbeantair tear aṙur téasair air n-ṙmáda,
 No doimneair uoicá air ṙ-cúma:
 Ait le deoraib aig teait ṙo ríor-ṙmar o'n ṙ-choide,
 Foilriṙteair ṙur buan air ṙmuainte
 Air an m-bár, a ṙcar úbhan air doibneair air m-bit,
 O'air b-ṙásail mar deoraíte claoidte.

II.

Có-ṙad a'ṙ beideair a beata ṙlar ann air ṙ-choide,
 A'ṙ a bár, mar ir ual, 'ṙ a caoinead,
 Beid a beura mar lócmann ṙgeit poluir air air rliṙe
 'ṙur air u-toil cum ṙac maiteara aig claonad—
 Mar an deaṙ-balaó taitneamác, beineair an fuigeall,
 Do'n úir, a m-bidean naoim ann rínte,
 Beid a cáilideait ann air ṙ-cuimne ṙac lá o'air ṙaoṙal
 'S air ṙ-choide le n-a íomáig, líonta.

ṙÍO 'S TROM SLÁM AR M-BUADARTÁ.

ṙonn—la féile naoim ṙatpáic.

I.

ṙíó 'ṙ trom ṙlám air m-buadartá, ní aipeócám' an iud é,
 Beid air n-ṙáirdeair ṙrí deóra mar ṙac ṙneine a ríon,
 Níor cṙuicúigead ṙiam cṙoidte, mar m-beidead cṙuar air piṙte,
 Buó cumannaig beura 'ṙ buó téasairaiṙe claon!

IT IS NOT THE TEAR AT THIS MOMENT SHED.

AIR—The Sixpence.

I.

It is not the tear at this moment shed,
 When the cold turf has just been laid o'er him,
 That can tell how beloved was the friend that 's fled,
 Or how deep in our hearts we deplore him.
 'T is the tear, thro' many a long day wept,
 'T is life's whole path o'ershaded ;
 'T is the one remembrance, fondly kept,
 When all lighter griefs have faded.

II.

Thus his memory, like some holy light,
 Kept alive in our hearts, will improve them,
 For worth shall look fairer, and truth more bright,
 When we think how he liv'd but to love them.
 And, as fresher flowers the sod perfume
 Where buried saints are lying,
 So our hearts shall borrow a sweet'ning bloom
 From the image he left there in dying.

THE PRINCE'S DAY.

AIR—Saint Patrick's Day.

I.

Tho' dark are our sorrows, to-day we 'll forget them,
 And smile through our tears, like a sunbeam in showers,
 There never were hearts, if our rulers would let them,
 More formed to be grateful and blest than ours.

Aét, faraor! ra trá,
 A n-úruigeann an bláé,
 Ais falac na rlabhairde, a éráó rinn go teann;
 Bídeann ais fárgaó san rsié
 Lúé eile air ar g-choirde,
 Tá air ruarcar, mar folur ais mol-éinn na cruinne,
 Sgáil lócháinn lár úbain, mo zeal lé beicé buan,
 'S dá m-b'e an eibleós véigionac air lá ro na luinne,
 Corrócaíó féile naoim pátrúic é ar a fuan.

II.

Mo ghráine air do loctóiríó breugac', neam-faoiteamla;
 Síó gairg lé o' námaro, lé o' éararo táir ríor,
 'S ni' l uirram éo taicneamac do neac air bité mígáimail,
 Lé cumann ó'n g-choirde, le air ail a beicé raor.
 Trá beirdeac luicé rlarúca do éliú
 Ir do éiric, tá leir oluc,
 Mar élaóairíó ais teirdeac ó boirb-éar an gleó,
 Beirdeac do glar-bharac ó'n g-cumann
 Aró rgaroilte go teann.
 Dar mo éar-lám! da n-glarófarde anoir éú cum caéa,
 Do éraóéarac an fearg ann do émoirde rcié go beó;
 Ir beirdeac loirg míge Eiréann go trom air do mágáib,
 Ais treargaric na nám a' r 's a ríneac a g-cró

III.

Gráóuigeann ré a glar-tíri le sean, tá mar leacéa
 Go voimín a g-choiróicib, fuair cargaric 'r éráó;
 'S beiró a éoinéioll 'r a cumann raor éaoiméacéa cóiri meacéa
 'S beiró doibnear Eiréann go fóill fá blac
 Air a g-cloé-reoirde cruairó
 Beiri ríor-buillíó buairó,
 Aét ní éruailligeann an lannair, tá rcié larca beó;
 Do'n éloic é'ir a brúgac,
 Beiri an rgealporé ir luéa
 A lócháinn: ir, Eirínn, síó bharicé raor émeacéaib,
 Tá teic-rplanc taob rcié oíot, nac muépar go veo,
 A beoúigear gac ball, tabairic do, luc a' r eacéa
 'S beiri air féile naoim pátrúic dúinn gáirdear a' r róé.

But just when the chain
 Has ceas'd to pain,
 And hope has enwreath'd it round with flowers,
 There comes a new link
 Our spirits to sink—
 Oh! the joy that we taste, like the light of the poles,
 Is a flash amid darkness, too brilliant to stay :
 But, though 't were the last little spark in our souls,
 We must light it up now, on our Prince's Day,

II.

Contempt on the minion who calls you disloyal !
 Tho' fierce to your foe, to your friends you are true ;
 And the tribute most high to a head that is royal,
 Is love from a heart that loves liberty too.
 While cowards who blight
 Your fame, your right,
 Would shrink from the blaze of the battle array,
 The standard of Green
 In front would be seen—
 Oh! my life on your faith! were you summon'd this minute,
 You 'd cast every bitter remembrance away,
 And show what the arm of old Erin has in it,
 When roused by the foe, on her Prince's Day.

III.

He loves the Green Isle, and his love is recorded
 In hearts which have suffer'd too much to forget ;
 And hope shall be crown'd, and a'tachment rewarded,
 And Erin's gay jubilee shine out yet.
 The gem may be broke
 By many a stroke
 But nothing can cloud its native ray.
 Each fragment will cast
 A light to the last,—
 And thus, Erin, my country, tho' broken thou art,
 There's a lustre within thee that ne'er will decay ;
 A spirit which beams through each suffering part,
 And now smiles at all pain on the Prince's Day.

ḡUILIÒ, ḡUILIÒ.

Fonn—Abraon an òróin.

I.

ḡUILIÒ, ḡUILIÒ DEÓRA A ḡRUC,
 CUIAÒ BUI N-AM CARC MAI CEÓ ;
 TÁ BUI M-BAILL ḡAN LÚC Ó CUIBHÍḡ TUIḡ'
 'S NI BÉIÒ BUI B-ḡIH NÍOR MÓ !
 BUÒ OÍOMAOIN ḡAIRḡE LAOÓRA TEANN
 BUÒ OÍOMAOIN CÓMAIRLE CIAILLMARI PAOI:
 'S ḡAC ÁIT O'A MÚCTARI PAOIRḡE ANN,
 NÍ LAPANN AIR A CUIÓCE.

II.

ḡUILIÒ: ḡO FÓILL DO DÉANFARI CEART,
 LE ḡTARMAIB INNḡE FÁIL
 'S AIR IOMAO EÁCT DO FÓILLḡEÓCAR CAIRT,
 TÁ ANOIR PAOI ḡMÚIO OÚIB CÁIL'
 'S AIS ḡÚBAL DOIB TÍH, DO FÁḡAO BÁN,
 B-ḡUIL AN T-OḡC 'ḡ AN ḡMÁILL 'ḡA N-UAIM,
 CIA AN OÓIḡ, LE IONḡNAO FIAḡḡÓCAR, LAN,
 B-ḡUÁIR OÍOḡA AIR ḡḡAIC, ḡIAM BUAIÒ?

III.

“ IR CINEAMAIN CḡUAIÒ (BEIÒIO 'ḡ A LUAO),
 RINNE OIḡE BUI N-IMPḡA A O'EALB:
 'S NUAIR BÍ BUI NÁM O'LÚC, TEANN A B-ḡUAC,
 NÍOR ḡLAC ḡḡIÁO OMAIB REALB:
 ACḡ O'ḡUARIḡ CḡIÓCḡE BUÒ OVAL BEIC TEIC,
 AIS ḡUAILLIUḡAO OÉ NA M-BEANNACT,
 'S AIR CÍLL, DO CACUIḡ ḡOINN FÁ LEIC,
 DO CACḡḡ ḡOINN EILE MALLACT”.

WEEP ON, WEEP ON.

AIR—The Song of Sorrow.

I.

Weep on, weep on, your hour is past ;
 Your dreams of pride are o'er :
 The fatal chain is round you cast,
 And you are men no more.
 In vain the hero's heart hath bled ;
 The sage's tongue hath warn'd in vain :—
 O Freedom ! once thy flame hath fled,
 It never lights again.

II.

Weep on : perhaps in after days
 They 'll learn to love your name :
 When many a deed may wake in praise
 That long hath slept in blame.
 And when they tread the ruin'd aisle
 Where rest, at length, both lord and slave,
 They 'll wondering ask how hands so vile
 Could conquer hearts so brave ?

III.

"'T was fate", they 'll say, "a wayward fate,
 Your web of discord wove ;
 And while your tyrants joined in hate,
 You never joined in love.
 But hearts fell off that ought to twine,
 And man profan'd what God had given,
 Till some were heard to curse the shrine
 Where others knelt to heaven".

SINSIORACT AN CLAIRSÍG.

Fonn—Sang Fane.

I.

Τα ιομπασὸ ζυρ ρυιρὸ ὄο κοῖννυῖζ πα 'n τοῖνν,
 Ὅο βῖ ἀννρ ἀν ζ-εϋιτ ρο 'νοῖρ ὄυῖρῖζῖμ ζο βῖνν,
 Ὢρὸεαὸ αῖζ εὐλόζαὸ ὀ' n ῖμυῖρ ζεαλ le ῖνν τεαὲτ na h-οῖρὸε,
 Cum na τρῖαῖζε αῖζ ὀζλαὲ αῖρ a ραῖβ αῖοι ζηαοῖ.

II.

Δετ buò οῖῖαοῖη a cúῖαῖη, ὀῖρ ὀ' φῖζ ῖ ζαὲ οῖρὸε,
 Αῖζ τομαὸ ἀνν a ὄεορῖαῖβ a ρολε φῖνεαὲ, buῖρὸε;
 Ζυρ ὄεαρῖο neaῖη le τρῖαῖζε αῖρ ρυῖρὸ na ὀ-τοῖνν,
 Ὅῖ ὄεαῖαὸ 'nna cláῖρρεαὲ ρο ραῖη ταβ'ῖτ ροῖνν.

III.

Buò ὄεαρ ρὸρ a h-uῖτ, ἀρ αῖρ 'ζῖρῖαῖρὸ ροὸ ὄο λαρ,
 'S máῖρῖε τρῖλλρεαὲ na μαρῖα, αῖρ a cum ἔαρῖτ ὄο ἔαρ
 'Ζυρ a ρολε ρῖλε na n-ὄεορῖ le ραῖβ ταῖρλεαὲ ὀ 'n τ-ρῖρῖτ
 Τυῖτ a nuαρ αῖρ ἀν ζ-cláῖρ, ὄεαῖαὸ τευὸ' na m-bῖνν-ζυῖτ.

IV.

Ἀνν ἀοῖρρεαὲτ ζο ζ-clῖρῖτῖαρ, ὀ'n ζ-cláῖρρεαὲ, ρο ἀν ραῖ,
 Ρῖαῖη μεαρζῖτα cumαοῖη 'ζυρ cumῖα ρα' τρῖα,
 Ζο n-ὄεαρῖρῖρ ὀ 'a n-ὄεαῖbuζαὸ ὀ ἔοῖle ὄά ροῖνν
 Ceol ζέαντῖαὲ, ῖρ me ζαρῖρ ὄυῖτ;—'ρ me a ζ-cláῖρ,—ζυῖλτῖρεαὲ, bῖνν.

THE ORIGIN OF THE HARP.

AIR—Gage Fane.

I.

'T is believed that this Harp, which I wake now for thee,
Was a Siren of old, who sung under the sea,
And who often, at eve, thro' the bright waters rov'd,
To meet on the green shore a youth whom she lov'd.

II.

But she lov'd him in vain, for he left her to weep,
And in tears, all the night, her gold tresses to steep,
Till Heaven look'd with pity on true love so warm,
And chang'd to this soft Harp the sea-maiden's form.

III.

Still her bosom rose fair—still her cheeks smil'd the same—
While the sea-beauties gracefully form'd the light frame ;
And her hair, as, let loose, o'er her light form it fell,
Was chang'd to bright chords, uttering melody's spell.

IV.

Hence it came, that this soft Harp so long hath been known
To mingle love's language with sorrow's sad tone ;
Till *thou* didst divide them and teach the fond lay
To speak love when I 'm near thee, and grief when away !

A n-ḡleann an Dub-loca 's le n-a taob.

Fonn—An Caílín Donn Eimonnaé.

I.

A n-ḡleann an Dub-loca 'r le n-a taob,
 'N áit náir feinn fuireos fód a maí,
 Air báir áro aille, or cionn an éuain,
 Cúaró naoim Caoimḡein ós cum ruain.
 “An bean, tá air mo tóir, ní b-fuigió
 “An áit ro, m-béó me, fearo' mo luíóe”.
 Faraor! ir beas do tuis ra trá
 Sé cluain a'f cleara mealltoó' mná.

II.

Sí Cáit ós, na n-ḡorm-rúl,
 A éuir air teiteadó, é, 'r cum ruibal;
 Duó buan a ḡráó. 'r níor cóir léi é,
 A beit 'nna céile aig ḡiolla Óé.
 Cia air bit áit air ḡluair an naoim,
 Cluin ré a coircéim le n-a taob;
 Téiréadó roir no riari, ve ló, nó o'oióce
 Carraró a rúil leir anhra t-rliḡe.

III.

Air báir na criege anoir 'nn a luíóe,
 Téiró re cum ruaimhir a'f cum rḡit.
 Aig rmuaineadó air neam, ḡan cáir, ḡan cráó
 Fá beit ó cácuḡadó mná raoi rḡát.
 Áct ní'l aon éluir, no cláir, faraor!
 O ḡaetió mná, tá ceanaimail, raoi:
 Fáo tá 'nn a óoílaó feuc 'ra trá
 Cáit aig rilt na n-veor lé ḡráó.

BY THAT LAKE WHOSE GLOOMY SHORE.

AIR—*The brown Irish girl.*

I.

By that lake, whose gloomy shore
Sky-lark never warbles o'er,
Where the cliff hangs high and steep,
Young Saint Kevin stole to sleep.
“Here at least”, he calmly said,
“Woman ne'er shall find my bed”.
Ah! the good Saint little knew
What the wily sex can do.

II.

'T was from Kathleen's eyes he flew,—
Eyes of most unholy blue!
She had lov'd him well and long,
Wish'd him hers, nor thought it wrong,
Wheresoe'er the Saint would fly,
Still he heard her light foot nigh;
East or west, where'er he turn'd,
Still her eyes before him burn'd.

III.

On the bold cliff's bosom cast,
Tranquil now he sleeps at last;
Dreams of Heav'n, nor thinks that e'er
Woman's smile can haunt him there.
But nor earth nor heav'n is free
From her power, if fond she be.
Even now, while calm he sleeps,
Kathleen o'er him leans and weeps.

IV.

Gan eagla gáda trí cheada gort,
 Go cuap na h-aille lean rí a lort,
 Is 'nuair do 'dealruig bán an lae,
 'O' foilrig rgeim a vhead 'r a gne.
 Is cruaid an croidé, a tá aig na naoim;
 'Oim d'eir a h-airuigad le n-a taob,
 Do leim go veirhead ó n-a ráim.
 Is teilg le fánaó í, ra t-rnám.

V.

A lár do linne, a gleann-dá-loc,
 Tuit Cáit lé glaraó an lae go moc.
 Do maodam go mall é triuaige do 'n mnaoi,
 A d'eug tre gíad 'r tre reachmall croidé—
 Tra gúro d'a h-anam beata fútain,
 Do cloiread ceol air fad an cuain,
 Le a maib na cnoic 'r na gleanta binn,
 'Nuair a d'eirig a taire geal ó'n tuinn.

TUIT LANN LONNRAÓ EIREANN.

form—Cruacán na féine.

I.

Tuit lann lonnraó Eireann le buillíde luata, zeur-tiuig'
 Air an té, brait clann Uirig a'r bair geallaó an rig:
 'S ní lia braon gort gola, a falcaó ó'n b-feall dub,
 'Ná rgarora air a cloiream ó rrué pola a croidé.

II.

Dar an dearg-glám, bí or cionn lann-dub Cancobair aig rínead,
 'Nuair bí trí laóga Ularó a leaba pola faoi fuan:
 Dar na treun-tonna cafa aig bohmaó 'r aig líonaó
 A feól na gairgíóig go buadac, 'r go treiraimail cum cuain.

IV.

Fearless she had track'd his feet
 To this rocky, wild retreat ;
 And, when morning met his view,
 Her mild glances met it too.
 Ah! your Saints have cruel hearts!
 Sternly from his bed he starts,
 And, with rude, repulsive shock,
 Hurl'd her from the beetling rock.

V.

Glendalough! thy gloomy wave
 Soon was gentle Kathleen's grave!
 Soon the Saint (yet ah! too late)
 Felt her love, and mourn'd her fate.
 When he said, "Heav'n rest her soul!"
 Round the Lake light music stole;
 And her ghost was seen to glide,
 Smiling, o'er the fatal tide!

AVENGING AND BRIGHT.

AIR—*Crochan of the Irish Fenii or Militia.*

I.

Avenging and bright fall the swift sword of Erin
 On him who the brave sons of Usna betray'd—
 For every fond eye he hath waken'd a tear in,
 A drop from his heart-wounds shall weep o'er her blade.

II.

By the red cloud that hung over Conor's dark dwelling,
 When Ulad's three champions lay sleeping in gore—
 By the billows of war, which so often, high swelling,
 Have wafted these heroes to victory's shore—

III.

Móiríogmuir cúitíuḡaḡ: ó rianr' bíomuir palam:

Bídeao an óiḡ ḡan céile, bídeao an émut ḡan ceol, rann;
 Bídeao an teallaḡ ḡan ruarcar, 'r ḡan raḡruḡaḡ an talam;
 ḡo ḡ-cáimtar tnom-óioḡaltar anuar air a ceann.

IV.

A Ríḡ! ḡíó ḡur milir air m-baile 'o meabrúḡaḡ;
 ḡíó ḡur tairneamác na 'veora 'o riltear le 'dám:
 ḡíó ḡur doibin ḡaḡ ḡean air luḡt cáruair a'r cabro,
 Le 'oioḡaltar air 'rian-orc ní 'l aon n'ó 'ó ráim.

τά αν ραοḡal so léir-measḡta.

ronn—Dual na b-reaḡ ḡlar.

I.

Tá an raḡal ro léir-measḡta le buairíreaḡ 'r le roḡ
 A ruarḡear a céile marí 'tonna na rruarḡ':
 'S air rúile, air rilte 'veora, no le ḡáiruaraḡar beo,
 Marí na tonn, 'tḡ ḡo 'oub, no ḡo lonnraḡ air trárḡ:
 Bídeann air ḡ-cleara air teacḡt 'ó'ér air n-anró 'ó tíuḡ
 ḡo ḡ-cluintear an ḡáiré moim trumuaḡaḡ na rúl;
 'S ní luairte 'o riltear an b'raon truarḡe le b'ruḡ
 'Ná cumairleann é, cleirte na baoríe air rúbal,
 Acḡ ruḡ ort: ní fanraio aon 'blar air an t-raḡal,
 Le ceannairí ríor-éirionna, 'r le c'poróitib ríor-beo,
 Air air ḡ-crán, bídeao an laḡ-b'rón tá le ḡáiruaraḡ a n-ḡaol
 'S an luinne bídear lonnraḡaḡ, ḡeáru-ḡaḡlaḡ ḡo 'veo.

III.

We swear to revenge them!—no joy shall be tasted,
 The harp shall be silent, the maiden unwed,
 Our halls shall be mute and our fields shall lie wasted,
 Till vengeance is wreak'd on the murderer's head!

IV.

Yes, monarch! though sweet are our home recollections,
 Though sweet are the tears that from tenderness fall;
 Though sweet are our friendships, our hopes, our affections,
 Revenge on a tyrant is sweetest of all!

THIS LIFE IS ALL CHEQUER'D.

AIR—*The Bunch of Green Rushes.*

I.

This life is all chequer'd with pleasures and woes,
 That chase one another like waves of the deep—
 Each brightly or darkly, as onward it flows,
 Reflecting our eyes as they sparkle or weep.
 So closely our whims on our miseries tread,
 That the laugh is awak'd ere the tear can be dried;
 And, as fast as the rain-drop of Pity is shed,
 The goose-plumage of Folly can turn it aside.
 But pledge me the cup—if existence would cloy,
 With hearts ever happy and heads ever wise,
 Be ours the light Sorrow, half-sister to Joy,
 And the light brilliant Folly that flashes and dies.

II.

'Nuair a cuirfeadh an t-oglaic le foigtheadh cum riué,
 Trí maísa glair' sruannaí, san bhíon air a éiríde;
 'Do b' aeriach a fúile agus b' aluinn a éiríde,
 'N áit duailgear, aís cuimniúghadh na m-bláit air an t-rlíge.
 Mar rúto ták, mar me. oream d'áir duail doib líonaó
 Ar riué an fíor-eoluir, ták líonmáir, neamh-ghan,
 Tíomniúghadh na m-bláit, áit an lá fada aís ríneadh
 A láimhe: 'r a foigthead san bhraon air bit ann.
 Ait rúto or! 'Nuair cuimniúgear an doimaoimear bláit
 Lé críon-flearg a dealb, ma tuiteadh don bhraon
 'O tobair na h-eágna air duilleog ra tríá,
 'So cinnte, béiró fáirta, san ceardaí, mo mían.

TRÍO INNIS FÁIL.

Fonn—Aiblín Críocair.

I.

Tríó Inni-fáil,
 Aís mnceadh 'n 'dál
 Tríá gluar sruadh 'sur gearge
 'Sur rígh 'n sruin géir
 Siubal leo 'ra b-feur
 'Sceit gaete ó n-a tairge
 Air feadh na rliíge
 Tis feur tri-ólaoiíge
 Faoi dhúcta dealsa, falcuigíte
 'Sur é do glair
 Le Smarog veap
 Tríó rcaítán crírtíl calcuigíte
 An t-reamhóg, ták glair ríor-buan an t-reamhóg!
 'De duilleog rgarí,
 Aís file 'r flait,
 Fár Eiré' amáin an t-reamhóg!

II.

When Hylas was sent with his urn to the fount,
 Thro' fields full of light, with heart full of play,
 Light rambled the boy over meadow and mount,
 And neglected his task for the flowers on the way.
 Thus many, like me, who in youth should have tasted
 The fountain that runs by Philosophy's shrine,
 Their time with the flowers on the margin have wasted,
 And left their light urns all as empty as mine.
 But pledge me the goblet—while Idleness weaves
 These flowerets together, should Wisdom but see
 One bright drop or two that has fall'n on the leaves
 From her fountain divine, 't is sufficient for me.

OH! THE SHAMROCK!

AIR—*The Shamrock.*

I.

Through Erin's Isle,
 To sport awhile,
 As Love and Valour wander'd,
 With Wit, the sprite,
 Whose quiver bright
 A thousand arrows squander'd;
 Where'er they pass,
 A triple grass
 Shoots up, with dew-drops streaming,
 As softly green
 As emerald seen
 Thro' purest crystal gleaming.
 Oh! the Shamrock, the green, immortal Shamrock!
 Chosen leaf
 Of Bard and Chief,
 Old Erin's native Shamrock!

II.

Δις ζαιρζε, δις μιάò,
 “’S ’dam τά φαοι βλάτ,
 “Να ρεοιòε μαϊòνε ριαοδαμáιλ’,
 “Νι h-αμáλα τά”,
 “Οο φρεαζαηι ζηιάò,
 “Le m’ φεαηαν-ρ’ an οιλ’ αοιβεαμáιλ”;
 Δòτ òεαηι ρα β-φευη
 Τηί ολαοιζ’ η τ-ρíz ζευη,
 Ζυρ’ ζαηι αηι φεαò να ρπέηηε:
 “Να ρζοιτζιò an βλάτ,
 “Τα η τμηύη μαη ραòτ,
 “Ζηιάò, ζαιρζε η ζηεαν να h-Εηη!”
 Ο an τ-ρεαμηόζ, τα ζλαρ, ρίη-βύαν, an τ-ρεαμηόζ!
 “De òuilleoz ρζαιò,
 Δις φηε η ρφαιò,
 φάρ Εηηε αμáην an τ-ρεαμηόζ!

III.

Co οίληρ, ρίοη,
 Βιòεαò τεανη ζο ρίοη
 An òuηηζ an lá úo ’ceanζαιλ,
 ’S αηη ειτε an ζαιò,
 Να τυητεαò οαò,
 An οομβλαη, nó α ραμáιλ!
 Ζλαηαò οο h-ευζ,
 An ζηιάò οηίη βηευζ,
 Ο an ηζοηιτ τά φαοι η α μαιοηραòτ,
 ’S ná τóηζεαò ζο οεο,
 Δ βηατ ρα ηζλεο,
 Ζαιρζε ηη αζαιò να ραοηηραòτ’:
 Ο an τ-ρεαμηόζ, τα ζλαρ, ρηη-βυαν, an τ-ρεαμηόζ!
 “De òuilleoz ρζαιò,
 Δις φηε η ρφαιò,
 φάρ Εηηε’ αμáην an τ-ρεαμηόζ!

II.

Says Valour, "See,
 "They spring for me,
 "Those leafy gems of morning!"
 Says Love, "No, no,
 "For me they grow,
 "My fragrant path adorning".
 But Wit perceives
 The triple leaves,
 And cries, "Oh! do not sever
 "A type that blends
 "Three godlike friends,
 "Love, Valour, Wit, for ever!"
 Oh! the Shamrock, the green, immortal Shamrock!
 Chosen leaf
 Of Bard and Chief,
 Old Erin's native Shamrock!

III.

So firmly fond
 May last the bond
 They wove that morn together,
 And ne'er may fall
 One drop of gall
 On Wit's celestial feather!
 May Love, as twine
 His flowers divine,
 Of thorny falsehood weed 'em!
 May Valour ne'er
 His standard rear
 Against the cause of Freedom!
 Oh! the Shamrock, the green, immortal Shamrock!
 Chosen leaf
 Of Bard and Chief,
 Old Erin's native Shamrock!

ΔΟΝ ΕΥΑΧΟΣ ΑΜΑΙΝ ΔΙΣ ΑΝ ΘΟΡΑΣ.

Font—Mol Ruaó na marone.

I.

Δον ευαχος αμαιν δις αν θορας
 Θ'ειρ αν ιομασ ευαιθ εαριτ αιρ αν ζ-cláir,
 'S an euac ir mo cúma, ζan ποριαρ
 Ir oual fóρ a líonao ζo bárr.
 Τα ρύαριεαρ μορ-φιαρραμáιλ αν τ-ραοζáιλ πο
 Co mál a'r éo τριom 'teaét cum éinn,
 Naé n' αιμζ'εαρι áét 'n-eir a oul ríor 'óo
 An τ-αοιβ'neαρ bí lé n-a linn:
 Áét ve móméio μαρι ρύo bíθεαó αρ m-beaéta
 'ζa 'óealbáo ζo τiuζ, 'ólúé ζo leóρ,
 'Oo éiz αρ uét ρianρ' lé luar μαéta,
 'ζur éaζαρ 'r a ζ-cuac a láρi veop.

II.

Δις ριύβαλ θuinn αιρ aζαio, naé claoimáρ,
 ζεáρρi ρcié 'o ζlacao 'ra' τpa,
 Αιρi βáιν'peac μαρi πο áluinn ζpianmáρ,
 Bíθεαρ láρi o'n τορi-φáραιζ φαοι blát.
 Áét veipmζ, bíθεann am 'blaó'aoé a éoi'óce,
 ζeup ζp'ea'aoé na n-uaipe ζan ρcié,
 Sé 'r ρaimáιλ 'óo aip'oeαρ na ζaoi'ce,
 'Nuairi a meapζ blát bíθεαρ a 'r'líζ.
 Áét ve móméio μαρi ρuo bíθεαó αρ m-beaéta
 'ζa 'óealbáo ζo τiuζ 'ólúé ζo leóρ,
 'Oo éiz αρ uét ρianρ' le luar μαéta,
 'ζur éaζαρ 'r a ζ-cuac a láρi veop.

ONE BUMPER AT PARTING.

AIR—*Moll Roe in the morning.*

I.

One bumper at parting!—tho' many
 Have circled the board since we met,
 The fullest, the saddest of any
 Remains to be crown'd by us yet
 The sweetness that pleasure hath in it
 Is always so slow to come forth,
 That seldom, alas! till the minute
 It dies, do we know half its worth.
 But come—may our life's happy measure
 Be all of such moments made up;
 They 're born on the bosom of Pleasure,
 They die 'midst the tears of the cup.

II.

As onward we journey, how pleasant
 To pause and inhabit awhile
 Those few sunny spots, like the present,
 That 'mid the dull wilderness smile!
 But Time, like a pitiless master,
 Cries "Onward!" and spurs the gay hours—
 Ah, never doth time time travel faster
 Than when his way lies among flowers.
 But come—may our life's happy measure
 Be all of such moments made up;
 They 're born on the bosom of Pleasure,
 They die 'midst the tears of the cup.

III.

Naç foilpreat do bí an ghran aig claonaó
 Naç dealpíac do deapic an muih faoi?
 Mañ rúo, 'r oúal zac fleao aig faonaó,
 Beic mañ péalat an lae oul 'nna luioe.
 Do connapic mañ cmoónuig re airdeap,
 Aig téilgan a zaete faoi tonn,
 'S a lán euaiç mañ rúo lonnpac baipar
 Roim pçapaó ap g-cmuinnuzaó le fonn
 Act ve mómeio mañ rúo bíoepaó ap m-beata
 'S a dealbaó go tiuz olút go leóp,
 Do eig ap uet paph' le luar paça,
 'Sur euzap 'r a g-cuaç a lám deop.

ΤΑ ΡΟΣ ΟΕΙΞΙΟΝΑÇ ΑΝ Τ-ΣΑΜΗΡΑΙΟ.

fonn—Coillte bláma.

I.

Tá pór oéixionaç an t-pamharó leip féin aip an g-cpaob,
 O'eip a comluet na rgenne beic euzta aip zac taob:
 Gan aon pór aihán gaolmaph, gan blát, le a b-puil oáim,
 Le lapao, no opnaó tabaipit aip aip oó, go ráim.

II.

Ní páspao leat féin tú lé meaóao aip an zeuz,
 Gan do teilgean a coolaó meárg do gaolta go h-euz:
 'Náit a m-béioip fearpa zac lá a'p zac oioce,
 Leip na pópaib gan blát a'p gan balao do luioe

III.

We saw how the sun look'd in sinking,
 The waters beneath him how bright,
 And now let our farewell of drinking
 Resemble that farewell of light.
 You saw how he finished, by darting
 His beam o'er a dark billow's brim—
 So, fill up, let 's shine at our parting,
 In full, liquid glory, like him.
 And oh! may our life's happy measure
 Of moments like this be made up;
 'T was born on the bosom of Pleasure,
 It dies 'mid the tears of the cup.

'T IS THE LAST ROSE OF SUMMER.

AIR—*The Groves of Blarney.*

I.

'T is the last rose of summer
 Left blooming alone;
 All her lovely companions
 Are faded and gone;
 No flower of her kindred,
 No rose-bud is nigh,
 To reflect back her blushes,
 To give sigh for sigh.

II.

I 'll not leave thee thou lone one,
 To pine on the stem;
 Since the lovely are sleeping,
 Go sleep thou with them.
 Thus kindly I scatter
 Thy leaves o'er the bed,
 Where thy mates of the garden
 Lie scentless and dead.

III.

Μαρι ρύο ιρ ούαλ ιμτέαδτ, 'νυαιρ α όρίοναρ αν ζριάδ,
 'S 'νυαιρ ευλιζέαρ ό να ρεόιοιδ αν ρζέιμ δ'ρ αν βλάτ;
 'Νυαιρ α ελαοιότειαρ να εριοιότε, ρεαρ ρυαρεαρ δ'ρ ρευν,
 Για βειόεαδ, μαρι έαδαν δοναρεαδ ρα τ-ραοζαλ ρο λειρ ρέιν.

ΟΖ-ΛΑΟΪ ΝΑ ΡΑΝΝ.

Ρονν—μόρην.

I.

Όο έμιαλλ έυμ κατα όζ-λαοΪ να ρανν,
 Λάρι νάμαιο Ειρεανν άρραιζε;
 Λανν αταρ ράιρζτε αιρ ζο τεανν,
 Ανν δοιηεαδτ λε η-α ελάιηηιζ.
 Δ έιρ να η-οάν! οειρ αν λαοΪ-έοιλ ζηιην,
 Όα η-βειόεαδ αν ραοζαλ οο ο' όδοιαδ,
 Τά δον έρμυτ αμάιν λε οο μολαδ ζο βιην,
 'S δον λανν αμάιν λε οο ραοιαδ.

II.

Όο έμυτ αν βάρο! αδτ μά έμυτ, ζο ρόιλ
 βι α έριοιόε ηεαμ-εαζλαδ, τρευνήμαρ;
 Δ'ρ μαοβ ρε τευθα ελάιηηιζε αν έοειλ,
 Όο ρεαυβ ρέ, αν τριά βι ρευνήμαρ:
 Δ'ρ ούβαιρτ, "Νι μιλληρδ κυηζ οο ζυτ,
 "Δ έρμυτ έαοιν να β-ρεατ ραοια;
 "Ιρ νι ελυηηέαρ ζο η-ευζ οο λάν βιηη-ημυτ,
 "Λάρι βημυοε δ'ρ βηοιη να τιρε".

III.

So soon may *I* follow,
 When friendships decay,
 And from Love's shining circle
 The gems drop away!
 When true hearts lie wither'd,
 And fond ones are flown,
 Oh! who would inhabit
 This bleak world alone?

THE MINSTREL BOY.

AIR—*Moreen.*

I.

The Minstrel Boy to the war is gone,
 In the ranks of death you'll find him;
 His father's sword he has girded on,
 And his wild harp slung behind him.
 "Land of Song!" said the warrior bard,
 "Tho' all the world betrays thee,
 "One sword, at least, thy rights shall guard,
 "One faithful harp shall praise thee!"

II.

The Minstrel fell!—but the foeman's chain
 Could not bring his proud soul under;
 The harp he lov'd ne'er spoke again,
 For he tore its cords asunder;
 And said, "No chains shall sully thee,
 "Thou soul of love and bravery!
 "Thy songs were made for the pure and free,
 "They shall never sound in slavery!"

b' doibinn an gleann, bí romam sínte.

fonn—Cailín dear crútao na m-bó.

I.

b' doibinn an gleann bí romam sínte,
 Ann ar fágs me mo céile 'r mo ghráó
 I'r bí mé le moim a' imníde líonta,
 O' fágs m' aigne faoi rmúro a' faoi rzáó.
 Tóruis mé an leu, 'so g'eall m' don-gearic,
 Do lapaó, le mo foilruzáó 'ra t-rlíge,
 Aóó buó róimaoim, neam-féimamail mo g'eup-dearic.
 Le linn tromacáin neulta na h-oróce.

II.

bí a reomra a 'dionruigeas gan tionol,
 Co uaigneac mar uaim, aóó mo cráó!
 Naóó sínte ra n-uaim bí an bpuinneall,
 'n áit euluisíte go náimeac 'ra trá.
 Bí an éruic céolmair croctá air an m-balla,
 Le a m-breuzraó mo bhíon, an bean óg,
 Aóó an lám, a rgeit a ceól ério an t'alla,
 Tá aig cruic aig a g-coisruigeac faoi róó.

III.

bí am ann, a céile cam, cluaineac,
 Dá n-déanraíde an riorra buó líga,
 Aig cur 'so leit cáilídeacáta luaineac',
 Léimraó lann o' f'ri a coraint 'so clíú:
 Aóó anoir, a bean na o-táir-rgeul 'r na n-dánda,
 I'r triuailíge 'r i'r tarcuirniúge cáil,
 Beirféar leóir-éuicruíúgaó trom ann 'so cáinte,
 Tre éreac a' r tre éráó Inre-fáil.

THE SONG OF O'RUARK.

AIR—*The pretty girl milking her cow.*

I.

The valley lay smiling before me
 Where lately I left her behind;
 Yet I trembled, and something hung o'er me
 That sadden'd the joy of my mind.
 I look'd for the lamp which, she told me,
 Should shine when her pilgrim return'd,
 But, though darkness began to enfold me,
 No lamp from the battlements burn'd.

II.

I flew to her chamber—'t was lonely,
 As if the lov'd tenant lay dead;—
 Ah, would it were death, and death only,
 But no, the young false one had fled.
 And there hung the lute that could soften
 My very worst pains into bliss,
 While the hand that had wak'd it so often
 Now throbb'd to a proud rival's kiss.

III.

There *was* a time, falsest of women!
 When Breffni's good sword would have sought
 That man, through a million of foemen,
 Who dar'd but to wrong thee *in thought!*
 While now—O degenerate daughter
 Of Erin! how fall'n is thy fame!
 And thro' ages of bondage and slaughter,
 Our country shall bleed for thy shame.

IV.

Ta céana airtí an mallaict gan falaic;
 Tá na coisruig' ir bhíúdeamla toil,
 Déanao rziuor air éiric fóola zo ballac,
 Tá á h-úir-éleannra dearg le fuil.
 Aict forglairó an zlar-meirge ann áirde,
 Bídeao fuilteac zo lám ruar zac lann,
 Tá linn-ne ceart, Eirre, 'r ar z-cáirde,
 An azaio eazcór' na Saranaic teann.

mo slán lib! aict trá beirio.

fonn—moll rún

I.

Mo slán lib! aict trá beirio aiz pailtiúzao na h-oirde,
 Do dúrzar binn-éolta 'zur ruarcar mearg raol
 Na dearmadairde an éarair, bídeao aiz cupi orra bunn
 'S neam-ruimamail ann zac bión, 'nna ruirde lib lé fonn.
 Fillrío mír gan amhar a bión', azur ní beiró
 De'n áro-muimígin a breuz é, aon leacta 'nna óiaiz,
 Aict ní rilraio ar a éuirne, ve orde no ve lá,
 Zur tós rib' ve ra n-am rin, zac bión azur zac cráo.

II.

Le linn teact na h-oirde úo rianramla, 'nna a m-bídeann
 Zac ciorde lán ve feun, a'r zac cuac lán ve fion,
 Má'r dorca no lonnraic beirdear mo riúbal annr a t-rlíge,
 Bídeao lib, a cáirde, a n-intinn 'r a z-ciorde.
 Ann buir n-zreann a'r buir rúzaizil beiró azam roinn
 Azur m' aizne aiz éirteact le buir z-ceoltaib zo binn;
 Ir aoirbinn, ma bídeann aon ve na flactaib le pázail,
 A déirrearg, "Ir truaiz gan é azainn annr a' óail".

IV.

Already the curse is upon her,
 And strangers her valleys profane ;
 They come to divide—to dishonour,
 And tyrants they long will remain.
 But onward!—the green banner rearing,
 Go flesh every sword to the hilt ;
 On *our* side is Virtue and Erin,
 On *theirs* is the Saxon and Guilt.

FAREWELL!—BUT WHENEVER YOU WELCOME THE HOUR.

AIR—*Moll Roone.*

I.

Farewell!— but whenever you welcome the hour
 That awakens the night-song of mirth in your bower,
 Then think of the friend who once welcom'd it too,
 And forgot his own griefs to be happy with you.
 His griefs may return, not a hope may remain
 Of the few that have brighten'd his pathway of pain :
 But he ne'er will forget the short vision that threw
 Its enchantment around him, while ling'ring with you.

II.

And still on that evening, when pleasure fills up
 To the highest top sparkle each heart and each cup,
 Where'er my path lies, be it gloomy or bright,
 My soul, happy friends, shall be with you that night ;
 Shall join in your revels, your sports, and your wiles,
 And return to me beaming all o'er with your smiles—
 Too blest if it tells me that, 'mid the gay cheer,
 Some kind voice had murmur'd, "I wish he were here!"

III.

'N aimdeoin zac dó-beirt d'a n-imheann an raozal,
 bídeann d'éir na réine, tairc zeal a'r fuigeall,
 Do cíótear lár bróin a'gur imníde na h-oróce
 'Eiríogte leir an rzeim air a deáz-ghnúir do bí.
 Zo m-buó buan leir an z-cuimne ro do líonfar mo éiríde,
 Mar an roiteac m-bídeann rúct rór d'a rílt ann, a'r bríz,
 Má bhurtar é 'r má bhúiztear, zo n-déantar dé rphéir,
 Béiró balaó bréaz na rór, air zac roinn de'n t-roiteac cré.

a cuimne leat eiblín, seos 's szait óige.

ronn—Da m-buó cléireac me.

I.

A cuimne leat Eiblín, seos 'r rzaic óige
 Ar m-baile, 'o' fan ruairc a'gur ráim faoi rcaé
 'Nuair do tóruiz Uilliam eiltreac mar céile í,
 'S bí a d-teacín faoi cuimne ma'galtair zráó.

II.

Bí aiz raozruzaó a n-aoineacé faoi báirteac a'r rian,
 'Zur oubaint Uilliam ra deoiz lé oub-bhíon éiríde:
 "A n-aic eile tómozmuir táinte 'zur óion",
 'Zur éruall rí ó' m-baile aiz ornaizeal 'ra t-rlize.

III.

Buó fada 'r buó tuirreac aiz ríubal do bí,
 'Zur aizne na h-óige le imníó fann;
 'Nuair aiz claonaó lae doiminn, bí zarb lé zaoé,
 Súo air aimairc, lann flacamaíl a lár na z-erann.

III.

Let fate do her worst, there are relics of joy,
 Bright dreams of the past, which she cannot destroy ;
 Which come in the night-time of sorrow and care,
 And bring back the features that joy used to wear.
 Long, long be my heart with such memories filled !
 Like the vase, in which roses have once been distill'd—
 You may break, you may shatter the vase, if you will,
 But the scent of the roses will hang round it still.

YOU REMEMBER ELLEN.

AIR—*Were I a clerk.*

I.

You remember Ellen, our hamlet's pride,
 How meekly she bless'd her humble lot,
 When the stranger, William, had made her his bride,
 And love was the light of their lowly cot.

II.

Together they toil'd through winds and rains,
 Till William, at length, in sadness said,
 "We must seek our fortune on other plains";
 Then, sighing she left her lowly shed.

III.

They roam'd a long and a weary way,
 Nor much was the maiden's heart at ease,
 When now, at the close of one stormy day,
 They see a proud castle among the trees.

IV.

“Ann ro”, aih an τ-οζ-φεαρ “ζλαcamuro ρcίτ,
 “Τά an οiόce mall 'ζυρ an ζαοτ teann”:
 Oo ρέiο ρe an τ-αδαρc le iomcari άρo-ραοi,
 'S o' umluis, aiz oul ρεαc όό, an ooiρρeoiρ a ceann.

V.

“O' ράiλτε, bean uapail”, oo ζάiρ an ροi,
 “'S leat an coill a'ρ an oún ρo, 'ρ ζαc nió tá ann,
 Δρ báinió, mear bμαcρα, a ραιb annτα bρiζ,
 'Oιρ ρί Eiblin bean τιζeapna Rop na lann.

VI.

'S aih a ceile tá ρiopi-ceanañail 'ρ ζράoac an luan,
 O'iaip uilliam an τ-eiltpeac 'ρ oo ρόρ μαρ mñaoi,
 Sa a láρ na ζ-cpann τιζeapnañail tá téazpac, buan,
 Map 'ρ an τεacín ó—αρ τόiζeacό tá' ζñaoí.

OO ζυιρiρinn muiniζin mealltac.

Font—An cpn-ρόpa.

I.

Oo ζυιρiρinn muiniζin mealltac,
 Oa o-τpéiζpeá-ρα me, a ζράo;
 Oo ceoiρiρinn caparo ρealltac,
 Oa b-ρeallpá-ρα oim 'pan τpá.
 Δct ραo a'ρ tá oo blaó-oeapc
 Aiz ρoiρiúζaó aih mo ρliζε zo buan,
 Ni béiό bρón oim, a ceuo-ρeapc,
 Naó ζ-cuiρpíó tu zo ρiopi ρaói ρuan.

IV.

“To-night”, said the youth, “we ’ll shelter there ;
 “The wind blows cold, the hour is late” :
 So he blew the horn with a chieftain’s air,
 And the porter bow’d as they pass’d the gate.

V.

“Now, welcome, Lady !” exclaim’d the youth,
 “This castle is thine, and these dark woods all !”
 She believ’d him craz’d, but his words were truth,
 For Ellen is Lady of Rosna Hall !

VI.

And dearly the lord of Rosna loves
 What William the stranger woo’d and wed ;
 And the light of bliss, in these lordly groves,
 Shines pure as it did in the lowly shed.

I ’D MOURN THE HOPES THAT LEAVE ME.

AIR—*The Rose tree.*

I.

I ’d mourn the hopes that leave me,
 If thy smiles had left me too ;
 I ’d weep when friends deceive me,
 If thou wert, like them, untrue.
 But while I ’ve thee before me,
 With heart so warm and eyes so bright,
 No clouds can linger o’er me,
 That smile turns them all to light.

II.

Νί 'λ ανηρ αν τ-ραοζάλ ζο h-uile,
 Μο ἐριάοαό, αζυρ tú βειτ liom;
 Τά αοιβνεαρ ζαν οίλε,
 'S ζαν μιν λεατ 'нна βυαιόρέαό ἐριον:
 Β'ρεαρη αν αιρλιγ 'r βρευζαιζε,
 'S μέ ρμουαινεαό οριτ-ρα, α ρεαρ μο ἐμοιόε,
 'Νά 'n ρύβαααρ 'r μό, 'r ιρ αεραιζε,
 'S μέ ρζαρτα υαιτ-ρέ le mo βιτ.

III.

Ζιό ζυρ ρεαλλ na ζεαλλτα
 'Οο αεαζ ρινν lé cluain 'r le βρευζ
 'S ζυρ τυαρ ούινν οο βειτ μεαλλτα,
 Βειτ α τνύτ leo αρίρ ζο h-euz.
 Βείο ρολυρ ανηρ α ούβαααν,
 Αιζ τρεοριζαό m' αιρσιν ρεαρσα κοιόε;
 Μαρ τά 'n ιντλεαότ ρτιζ naó μύααν,
 Α'ρ leup οο ρμίζεαό α β-ραρζαό αρ ο-τίζ.

IV.

'Οείρ αν τ-ρολυρ α βειτ μύατα,
 'Οο ἐρεοριζ é ἐρίο αν τ-ρλιζε,
 Τιζ εαζλα αιρ ρεαρ ριύβατα
 Αιζ ρορρυζαό bealaiζ λάρ na h-οιόε.
 Αότ ρόρ le λόαανν νευлта
 'Ιρ lonnραό, ρεαρμάα ρεαρσα α ριύβαλ,
 'Οηρ ní 'λ leup αιζ οέαλμαό νευлта,
 Μαρ αν leup α τίζ ó μιζ na n-ούλ.

II.

'T is not in fate to harm me,
While fate leaves thy love to me ;
'T is not in joy to charm me,
Unless joy be shared with thee.
One minute's dream about thee,
Were worth a long, an endless year
Of waking bliss without thee,
My own love, my only dear ;

III.

And tho' the hope be gone, love,
That long sparkled o'er our way,
Oh! we shall journey on, love,
More safely without its ray.
Far better lights shall win me
Along the path I've yet to roam—
The mind that burns within me,
And pure smiles from thee at home.

IV.

Thus, when the lamp that lighted
The traveller at first, goes out,
He feels awhile benighted,
And looks around in fear and doubt.
But soon, the prospect clearing,
By cloudless starlight on he treads,
And thinks no lamp so cheering
As that light which Heaven sheds.

b-fuil t' óg-laete seunmar faoi lionn-tub?

ronn-patruic Cluameac.

I.

b-fuil t' óg-laete seunmar' faoi lionn-tub,
 Mar mairtin faoi rlam de 'n ceó?
 'S mo luac 'do cuairt tarainn-ne teann-rpué
 An am', náir gnátaó b'íon gan róg
 b-fuil ríonta na h-aoire zeur', cruairde,
 Teoát air éioide a b'í aeraó go leóir?
 Tar éugam, a leinb na cruairge,
 A'f rilpeao leat veor le veor.

II.

An amail le éire Cíl-miontain
 An zeon air air élaon 'do éioide,
 A m-bídeann cruéire trí rléibte ir gleanntáin
 Aiz vealpaó ann zac áit t'air rliže?
 Aét t' eir móráin raotair aiz mómar
 Na cré, 'nn a b-fuil óir réir cáil',
 Tá air raotair gan topaó, gan rógmar,
 Gan don nro 'nna óiaiz le rágal.

III.

Raib 'do t'óiz, mar eun na roir-mozaét'
 Duil ó émann go cran, veir an' rzeul,
 Aiz tarbeanaó reiove na rpaodeaét'
 B'í roilpeac le glóir, ó n-a beul?
 Air épaob t' eir cruairde aiz rearaó,
 Súo éugao a reio air a n-zeuz,
 Aét t' eir tú a meallaó, le carao,
 Súo uait rí air go h-euz.

HAS SORROW THY YOUNG DAYS SHADED?

AIR—*Sly Patrick.*

I.

Has sorrow thy young days shaded,
 As clouds o'er the morning fleet?
 Too fast have those young days faded,
 That, even in sorrow, were sweet?
 Does Time with his cold wing wither
 Each feeling that once was dear?—
 Then, child of misfortune, come hither,
 I'll weep with thee tear for tear.

II.

Has love to that soul, so tender,
 Been like our Lagenian mine,
 Where sparkles of golden splendour
 All over the surface shine?
 But, if in pursuit we go deeper,
 Allur'd by the gleam that shone,
 Ah! false as the dream of the sleeper,
 Like Love, the bright ore is gone.

III.

Has Hope, like the bird in the story,
 That flitted from tree to tree
 With the talisman's glittering glory—
 Has Hope been that bird to thee?
 On branch after branch alighting,
 The gem did she still display,
 And, when nearest and most inviting,
 Then waft the fair gem away?

IV.

Μά euluiḡ μαρι ρύο am na mίlpe,
 Νάρι ρεαριβuiḡ don lá o' ari m-bit;
 Μά 'r mealltaç ppiç muiniḡin na oίlpe
 Δ lonnuiḡ oub-neulta ari ḡ-çpoido:
 Μά 'r çpionta μαρι ρύο le ḡaetiḡ çpuaioe
 Τά ḡaç cáiliḡoeaçt bi ḡpáḡoç ḡo leop:
 Ταρι çuḡam, a leinḡ na çpuaioḡe,
 Δ' r rίlpeao leat oep le oep.

HI RAIB ÇO PAIΛTEAMAIL.

ronn—lag an laga.

I.

Hi raib ço paiλteamail na ceolta rίḡe
 Teaçt ari neaç puañmaḡi ḡo póill a mañ,
 Tpa leit-ouirḡte ari táñ na h-oiḡoçe,
 Cluinear peaçt' neañḡoḡa binn' le n-a çaoḡ—
 Oo bpiḡ rári-ḡuçt oḡm 'ran am raib baiçte,
 An çpoido 'n mo lári paoi çpom-rlam ceo,
 ḡan ooiḡ ḡo cluineariḡ çoiḡoçe an oepariḡe çpáioḡte,
 Ronn ço binn beannuiḡte, ariḡ ḡo oeo.

II.

ḡuçt binn na oίlpe, μαρι çiuñ-ḡaoçt pañpairo,
 ḡo ráññ aiḡ éalúḡaḡo tpiḡo ouala cam',
 Δ' r capta rliḡeáin, bi puaim na h-amara,
 'Teaçt tpiḡo ḡaç cuar oe mo çpoido 'ran am.
 Buḡo ic a ḡ-coḡari é, buḡo lóçmann ḡpuañmaḡi
 'ḡa luaḡo; Δ' r b' peáriḡi liom 'na an paḡḡal ḡan poinn
 Mo çpom-táñ paḡo, tá le oub-bpion lionmaḡi,
 Beit bpiḡte aiḡ ceoltaib ço beannuiḡte binn.

IV.

If thus the young hours have fled,
 When sorrow itself look'd bright;
 If thus the fair hope hath cheated,
 That led thee along so light;
 If thus the cold world now wither
 Each feeling that once was dear:—
 Come, child of misfortune, come hither,
 I'll weep with thee, tear for tear.

NO, NOT MORE WELCOME.

AIR—*Luggelaw.*

I.

No, not more welcome the fairy numbers
 Of music fall on the sleeper's ear,
 When, half awaking from fearful slumbers,
 He thinks the full choir of heaven is near—
 Then came that voice, when, all forsaken,
 This heart long had sleeping lain,
 Nor thought its cold pulse would ever waken
 To such benign, blessed sounds again.

II.

Sweet voice of comfort! 't was like the stealing
 Of summer wind thro' some wreathèd shell—
 Each secret winding, each inmost feeling
 Of all my soul echo'd to its spell!—
 'T was whisper'd balm—'t was sunshine spoken!—
 I'd live years of grief and pain
 To have my long sleep of sorrow broken
 By such benign, blessed sounds again.

AIG TÚS AR Ț-CAIÐREAO.

Fonn—A pátrúic teit uaim.

I.

Aig tur ar Ț-caiðreao 'r tú óȚ-blát
 Úiðoir óo rial a n-Țealltaib,
 Ar óoríaid uóib beit ríor Țan rcát,
 Nái rmuaineaf oo beit meallta.
 N'eir tú beit aȚmuizte, o' fan ríor-ðeo,
 Mo inuimigin afat Țan raonaó,
 Oa b-ƚeallpáó ari an t-raoȚal Țo ðeo,
 Uaim réin nac n-ðéanpá cláonaó;
 Aét imtíz leat, ƚiri éaim na m-breuz,
 Ir cóir an cnoiðe beit bmuirte,
 Oo éuifreao uóiz ariȚ Țo h-euz
 A Ț-cluainaire óo clirte.

II.

Trá bi Țac beul aig luaó oo ðaoir,
 b' olc liom an rȚeul ouð Țriáneamíal,
 Nó, éarȚairi mé Țo rȚeifreao aoir,
 Țlóiri, af an óizge éáineamíal.
 Ouit bi ƚearmáó, buan mo Țriáo,
 'Nuair bi oo éáirðe Țlonniam,
 'S an cnoiðe tá le oo éluain' cpió
 A ƚuil úoirȚreao ouit Țo fonmíar.
 Aét imtíz leat, ƚiri éluanaiz, éaim,
 'S ó an t-réir a b-ƚuiliri ðáirte,
 Aig úpáét, tuizƚiri annȚ an am
 Țeuri amȚar cnoiðte cpiáirte.

WHEN FIRST I MET THEE.

AIR—O Patrick, fly from me.

I.

When first I met thee, warm and young,
 There shone such truth about thee,
 And on thy lip such promise hung,
 I did not dare to doubt thee.
 I saw thee change, yet still relied,
 Still clung with hope the fonder,
 And thought, tho' false to all beside,
 From me thou couldst not wander.
 But go, deceiver! go—
 The heart, whose hopes could make it
 Trust one so false, so low,
 Deserves that thou shouldst break it.

II.

When every tongue thy follies nam'd,
 I fled th' unwelcome story;
 Or found, in ev'n the faults they blam'd,
 Some gleams of future glory.
 I still was true, when nearer friends
 Conspir'd to wrong, to slight thee:
 The heart, that now thy falsehood rends,
 Would then have bled to right thee.
 But go, deceiver! go—
 Some day, perhaps thou 'lt waken
 From pleasure's dream, to know
 The grief of hearts forsaken.

Νί φειχτέαρ λευρ να η-δοιρ' ρα τρα
 Ὕ-φυιλ αιγ βλάτ να η-οιγε τρέιζτε,
 Τειτ αν ὀρεαμ, αιγ α ραιβ ορη ζριάο,
 'S τα ορη ζριάιν ό λυότ ὀο ἔμευζτα.
 Μεαργ τράιλλ, τά φλεαό αντράταό να η-οιόδε
 'Σα ροινη ζαν τέαζαρ ραοιόεαμίαιλ,
 'S μαρ λευρ αιρ υαιμ, ἔ-φυιλ βάρ αν ραοι,
 Τά ἔμιγε ρυαρ νεαμ-ἔμοιόεαμίαιλ.
 Ἰμτίγ: ἔ ὀα η-βειόεαό αιρ ὀο λαίμ,
 'Ορ δ'ἔ τάιντε αν ὀομίαιν,
 Νί εἰυἔβαινη ὀεορ ὀε ζόλ ζλαν ράιμ,
 Αιρ ὀο ραιβρεαρ ολε, μαρ ρόζαιν.

IV.

'S b' φέιοιρ ζο ὀ-τιοφραό, ἔλυαναιζ, αν λά,
 'M-βειό να cuiνγε ρο φέιν 'Σα η-βρίρεαό,
 Δ η-βειόιρ αιγ βλαοόαό ζαν φέρομ λε φιάό,
 Αιρ αν τέ βειόεαρ ορη αιγ ελιρεαό.
 Τέ βειρρεαό ὀυιτ-ρε φυιλ α μοιόδε,
 Τρά, βειό ραζτα λευνημαρ,
 Αιζ ταιρβεαινε ὀυιτ ζυρ εἰυιλ τύ αν ζηαοι
 Ὅι αιρι ορη ἔ τύ ρευνήμαρ,
 Υαιμ, υαιμ! μαλλαότ ὀυιτ ηι ρύ,
 Ὅ' Ἰμόεαργαό ἔ ηιό φιάιότε,
 Ρυαότ φέιν ηι αόεινζοαό ὀυιτ ηί-έλιυ
 Ὅο τρομ δ'ἔ τάιρ ανν βάιτε.

III.

Even now, tho' youth its bloom has shed,
 No lights of age adorn thee:
 The few, who lov'd thee once, have fled,
 And they who flatter scorn thee.
 Thy midnight cup is pledg'd to slaves,
 No genial ties enwreath it;
 The smiling there, like light on graves,
 Has rank cold hearts beneath it.
 Go—go—tho' worlds were thine,
 I would not now surrender
 One taintless tear of mine
 For all thy guilty splendour!

IV.

And days may come, thou false one! yet,
 When even those ties shall sever;
 When thou wilt call with vain regret
 On her thou 'st lost for ever,—
 On her who, in thy fortune's fall,
 With smiles had still received thee,
 And gladly died to prove thee all
 Her fancy first believed thee.
 Go—go—'t is vain to curse,
 'T is weakness to upbraid thee:
 Hate cannot wish thee worse,
 Than guilt and shame have made thee.

CÓ FAD A'S BÍ CEOLRAÍO.

Fonn—DASOÍ FAIC.

I.

Có fad a' r' bí ceolraio na h-eac̄t̄ra aig cúim̄oac̄ zo h-aipeac̄,
 Šac̄ niō o'a maib̄ fište 'n̄ oub̄-eiše na f̄rīt̄,
 Le n'ā t̄aōb̄ bí Neac̄ Eipeann zo b̄īōnac̄ 'r zo f̄aipeac̄.
 'Oim̄ an r̄t̄air̄ r̄malac̄ leab̄ra o' a cur̄o-ran̄ oo bí.
 Ac̄t̄ o! mar̄ oo lar̄ ruar̄ a por̄c̄ t̄im̄o an Š-CEO,
 T̄r̄a n'̄ eir̄ iomāo b̄liāōanta oē oub̄-b̄īōn̄ Šan r̄cīt̄,
 'Óear̄c̄ an c̄eolraiō zo beo,
 Le r̄c̄īōb'̄ óealruiḡ zo oeo,
 Šac̄ ouilleóš, aig cur̄i r̄iōr t̄im̄-f̄lac̄, car̄i a c̄ioīōe.

II.

F̄ailte! nealt̄ Šeal̄ na ban̄ba, air̄ an Neac̄ a' r' í f̄aluiḡt̄e,
 F̄aoi Šaēt'̄ t̄iŠ ó r̄p̄eirī ōm̄úōam̄ail̄ Eipeann le Šl̄óim̄,
 T̄im̄ b̄liāōanta oē c̄īmāō a' r' ó car̄i mé ōealruiḡt̄e,
 B̄īōear̄ air̄ eim̄iŠ m̄óim̄ l̄óc̄raim̄ mar̄ t̄ura, cur̄i t̄óim̄.
 C̄īō m̄óim̄ uim̄im̄ laoc̄ra beit̄ 'Ša luac̄ air̄ mō t̄aōb̄,
 Air̄ cam̄-c̄ar̄áim̄ iom̄īar̄ō, f̄araor̄! t̄a n'ā luir̄ōe
 Ac̄t̄ t̄ā 'Šur̄ bí māim̄,
 Šan̄ aon̄ r̄mal̄ an c̄īmāōb̄,
 T̄ā tim̄cīōll̄ air̄ c̄eann̄ buac̄ōac̄ c̄ar̄īaro mō c̄ioīōe.

III.

Ac̄t̄ mōim̄ac̄ t̄ā an̄ r̄aōt̄ar̄ī ir̄ mó ann̄ oo beac̄ta,
 A b̄eim̄f̄ear̄ air̄ a n-ōear̄im̄air̄ a māim̄ zo f̄óill̄ báim̄
 C̄īō buō c̄eimeam̄ail̄ beit̄ r̄aor̄māō c̄rīcē eile a Š-cāta,
 Ir̄ mó an̄ m̄eim̄, oō t̄im̄ f̄eim̄ a t̄óŠbāil̄, t̄ā 'm̄ l̄áim̄,
 ToiŠ aiḡ cāt̄aoim̄ na m̄iŠt̄e oō c̄ōr̄nair̄, oō Šūt̄,
 'Šur̄ aŠair̄ī air̄ r̄on̄ Eipeann, 'o' ōil̄ āro-t̄uāc̄ oō b̄īt̄,
 S'̄ air̄ áim̄an̄ buair̄t̄e ōub̄;
 O'ā fuil̄ 'r̄ ōeora, r̄rūt̄,
 Mar̄ī t̄uaŠ̄-c̄eac̄tā oōiŠe, b̄īōeac̄ō an̄ laoc̄, car̄i a c̄ioīōe.

WHILE HISTORY'S MUSE.

AIR—*Paddy Whack.*

I.

While History's Muse the memorial was keeping
 Of all that the dark hand of Destiny weaves,
 Beside her the Genius of Erin stood weeping,
 For hers was the story that blotted the leaves.
 But oh! how the tear in her eyelids grew bright,
 When, after whole pages of sorrow and shame,
 She saw History write,
 With a pencil of light,
 That illumin'd the whole volume, her Wellington's name.

II.

“Hail, Star of my Isle!” said the Spirit, all sparkling
 With beams such as break from her own dewy skies—
 “Thro' ages of sorrow, deserted and darkling,
 “I've watch'd for some glory like thine to arise.
 “For tho' heroes I've number'd, unblest was their lot,
 “And unhallow'd they sleep in the cross-ways of Fame:—
 “But oh! there is not
 “One dishonouring blot
 “On the wreath that encircles my Wellington's name!

III.

“Yet still the last crown of thy toils is remaining,
 “The grandest, the purest, even *thou* hast yet known;
 “Tho' proud was thy task, other nations unchaining,
 “Far prouder to heal the deep wounds of thy own.
 “At the foot of that throne for whose weal thou hast stood,
 “Go plead for the land that first cradled thy fame—
 “And bright o'er the flood
 “Of her tears and her blood,
 “Let the rainbow of Hope be her Wellington's name!”

TRIO BHRÓN 'ZUS TRIO ZABAD.

Fonn—uair bí agam ríon-zráó.

I.

Trío bhron 'zur trío zábád, do lonnuig do rmuigeadó mo r'lige,
 Zur rzeic' doig air zác' oheirós, mo timéiol bí 'nna luide:
 O'a duibe cian air m-beata, buó roilreac' bí air n-zráó,
 Zo maib' zlóir ann áit náire, 'zur caon-óu'ract ann áit r'zát.
 O! r'zlab' zró do maib' me, ann o' uétre r'raon do bí,
 'S éuz beannaict do 'n' doilz'ir do meutuig' dom zean do éioide.

II.

Bí do com'ruigeac' r'raon uirram 'zur tu r'raon óimear móir,
 Bí do éróin-re de veiz, 'r a c'róin-ran de óir.
 'Suirig' rí-re an teampal; 'r tu-ra n-zuair na n-zleann,
 Buó oire r'raon a carair 'r do r'raon-re 'nna r'clab' ran'.
 Aict b' r'raon liom 'ran uair aig' do éraib' beic' mo luide,
 'Na beic' pórtá le ruo r'raonair, no aig' iompuzadó uair mo éioide.

III.

Cia veir zur rann do z'allta, beir oit beic' c'raon;
 Oa m-beideac' r'allta, ní zan laraó beideac' do z'raon,
 Oeirear, oit do r'raon bí r'raon' cuib'ne r'raon',
 Zo b-ruil do éioide le r'clab'ac' clóite 'zur tu r'raon:
 O! na c'raon r'raon, níoir b' r'raon le cuig' tu do éioide.
 'N áit a roilr'geann do r'raon, roilr'geann r'raon'ra éioide.

THE IRISH PEASANT TO HIS MISTRESS

AIR—*I once had a true love.*

I.

Through grief and through danger thy smile hath cheer'd my way,
Till hope seem'd to bud from each thorn that round me lay ;
The darker our fortune, the brighter our pure love burn'd,
Till shame into glory, till fear into zeal was turn'd ;
Yes, slave as I was, in thy arms my spirit felt free,
And blessed even the sorrows that made me more dear to thee.

II.

Thy rival was honour'd whilst thou wert wrong'd and scorn'd,
Thy crown was of briars, while gold her brows adorn'd ;
She woo'd me to temples, while thou layest hid in caves,
Her friends were all masters, while thine, alas ! were slaves ;
Yet cold in the earth, at thy feet, I would rather be,
Than wed what I love not, or turn one thought from thee.

III.

They slander thee sorely, who say thy vows are frail—
Hadst thou been a false one, thy cheek had look'd less pale !
They say too, so long thou hast worn those lingering chains,
That deep in thy heart they have printed thy servile stains.
Oh ! foul is the slander ! no chain could that soul subdue.
Where shineth *thy* spirit, there liberty shineth too.

IS FAD SÍ O'N ḡ-CRÍC.

Fonn—Forsail an uorair.

I.

Ír fad sí o'n ḡ-críic, b-fuil a h-og-laoc 'nn a luíde
 'S gan airt airt a riuirib 's a breugad;
 Aét uimriḡeann ḡo ruar ó rúilb ḡac raor,
 'Oir tá a crioide le n-a ceile 's a eugad.

II.

Buó fíad abráin uicéair á tír' féin do féinn,
 Rinn ḡac fearra o' ar áil leir do meamarað.
 O 'r beag imnoide loct cluirte a ceolta binn;
 A crioide beic 's a bhuerað gan cabarað.

III.

Do máirí re o' a rún; agur o'euz re o'a críic:
 So an meuo bí 'ḡa ceangail air talam:
 Ni luac 'ḡabfar trom-ḡul a tíre don rḡic,
 'S ní béro 'b-fad gan a céile an uairm falam.

IV.

O uéann uairm oí 'r an áit b-fuil na ḡaet' ḡríme 'fíar,
 'Nuair ḡealleann fíad márac ḡlórac:
 Beiró 'roilruḡad air a ruan mar rḡíḡeado ann iar
 'O n-a oíl-innir féin a tá b'ónac.

SHE IS FAR FROM THE LAND.

AIR—Open the door.

I.

She is far from the land where her young hero sleeps,
And lovers are round her sighing ;
But coldly she turns from their gaze, and weeps,
For her heart in his grave is lying.

II.

She sings the wild songs of her dear native plains,
Every note which he lov'd awaking ;—
Ah ! little they think who delight in her strains,
How the heart of the Minstrel is breaking.

III.

He had liv'd for his love, for his country he died :
They were all that to life had entwin'd him :
Nor soon shall the tears of his country be dried,
Nor long will his love stay behind him.

IV.

Oh ! make her a grave where the sunbeams rest
When they promise a glorious morrow :
They 'll shine o'er her sleep like a smile from the West,
From her own lov'd island of sorrow.

CA B-FUIL AN TRAIL IS TAIRE.

Fonn—Síor agur ríor liom.

I.

Ca b-fuil an tráil ir táire
 A ngrébeal ciuairó, tuarí náire,
 'Dá m-beiréadó ann,
 Nac 'o-tarínócaó lann
 'N áit meac' faoi éuing san záire?
 Cia an croidé faoi ézceart cláonta,
 A 'o-fanfaó lé beiré donca:
 'S zo m-b' doibin 'óó,
 'Da m-beiréadó ríorí-beo
 Ann uéc an áiró-ríú, rínte.
 Slán leat, Eire!—bíó rlán,
 A éaoinear arí n-árí le deoríó lán.

II.

Ní annra an lairbeal fáraó
 Tá beo san baint, san báruzaó,
 'Na an olaois san bláé,
 A zínó flearz ar rízáé
 'Do'n m-buaóac, buó dual a fáruzaó.
 Tá ar z-cof air úr ar z-cairé;
 Tá an zlar-méirz' tózca ann áiré;
 'S íao lé n-arí 'o-taóó,
 Nárí éirí a maí,
 'S an námaro noímarí 'z of aró.
 Slán leat, Eire! bíó rlán,
 A éaoinear arí n-árí le deoríó lán.

OH! WHERE 'S THE SLAVE.

AIR—Sios agus sios lom.

I.

Oh! where 's the slave so lowly,
 Condemn'd to chains unholy,
 Who, could he burst
 His bonds at first,
 Would pine beneath them slowly?
 What soul, whose wrongs degrade it,
 Would wait till time decay'd it,
 When thus its wing
 At once may spring
 To the throne of him who made it?
 Farewell, Erin,—farewell, all
 Who live to weep our fall.

II.

Less dear the laurel growing
 Alive, untouch'd, and blowing,
 Than that whose braid
 Is pluck'd to shade
 The brows with victory glowing.
 We tread the land that bore us,
 Her green flag glitters o'er us,
 The friends we 've tried
 Are by our side,
 And the foe we hate before us.
 Farewell, Erin—farewell, all
 Who live to weep our fall.

AIR M' UCT FÉIN GLAC SUAN.

Fonn—loc sílin.

I.

Mo óil eilic loite! air m' uct féin glac suan:
 Shò gur euluis an treud uait, ro o' áit óioin buan,
 Tá an rnígead ann gan dúbcan, 'gur fearc-cuman choiðe,
 Gur lám le do coraint le congial, gan ríic.

II.

An tear-ghrád, go marpað re fearmáð, nac cóin,
 Tne bhón ár tne gáirdear, tne náire 'r tne glóin,
 Ní 'lim eolzac no inníðeac, má táin air coine raon,
 Ac t'ár a'm, cia brò tú, go b-fuil mo ghrað ort-ra fíon.

III.

Do gháir oim ainzeal, trá bí tú a reun,
 Beir me mar ainzeal, trá tú beir faoi leun;
 Ais lean'muint do loig, tne g'eun-teinne teo,
 Go do coraint 'r do cúimíac, le mo b'ár no mo beo.

COME, REST IN THIS BOSOM.

AIR—Lough Sheeling.

I.

Come, rest in this bosom, my own stricken deer,
Tho' the herd have fled from thee, thy home is still here ;
Here still is the smile that no cloud can o'ercast,
And a heart and a hand all thy own to the last.

II.

Oh! what was love made for, if 't is not the same
Thro' joy and thro' torment, thro' glory and shame?
I know not, I ask not, if guilt 's in that heart,
I but know that I love thee whatever thou art.

III.

Thou hast call'd me thy Angel in moments of bliss,
And thy Angel I 'll be 'mid the horrors of this,
Thro' the furnace, unshrinking, thy steps to pursue,
And shield thee, and save thee, or perish there too.

τά εὐλνιζτε ζο θεό υαίνν αν λόκρann βί α σζαραό.

ρονn—S'a muihín óilip.

I.

Τά εὐλνιζτε ζο θεό υαίνν αν λόκρann βί α ρζαραό
 Μαρι θεάλιαό αν λαε ζιλ αιζ ροιλριυζαό ζαό ball:
 Αιζ θεοόααν le n-a ζαετίβ υαίμε na μαριβ,
 'S a líonao le n-a ρολυρ na ρύιλε βί vall.
 Τά εὐλνιζτε—'r αν lonnai, a o' páz pe μαρι νευлта,
 Ní ζνιό άετ ζλαν-leuygur vo εαβαηιτ αιρ na νευлта,
 βείθεαρ αιζ ούβαν αιρ μιζάαταιβ αν νοmian αιρ ρεαό ραοζαлта,
 άετ ζο h-áimíoe op, Eirinn! a éurle mo épíoe.

II.

'Oip b' ápo βί vo oóiz, τρά βί αν ζλόιρ úo o'a ροιλριύζαό
 'Oo éimóioil τρι neulτα τpóm', voipca αν τ-ραοζαιλ:
 'Oip βί pípune n'eip a ζευρ-éuinz vo βηpεαό, αιζ ροιλριύζαό
 'Nuair amáil μαρι ζαό ζpéine, a βpατα vo ρζαοιλ.
 O! ní cíópéar éoióce áríp, annpa ζ-epuinne.
 Aon am éo h-aoibin, óip βί caom-ζuó ζαό cinne
 'S ζαό μιζάατ' αιζ cup le céile: 'r b' ápo, binn vo cluineaó
 Μαροιν-éool na ραοιppe, péinn Eipe ó épíoe.

III.

άετ ζpáine αιρ na τίοpáin, nár b' áil leo άετ voopραάτ,
 'S αιρ αν τáip-opeam, nár élaon le n-a μαιτ péin a o-toil,
 βί αιζ caiopeao, μαρι anopair, óiz-oóiz na ραοipραάτ',
 'S αιζ áltóip na h-aire vo βairp í le puil.
 'O' eulviz ζο θεο υαίνν αν αιpλινζ βpεάζ ζpianmari,
 βείθεαρ o' amíoeoin na ζ-epíoece ponaíaoac neam-élaonmari,
 Μαρι o'épíz ó éur op ζο lonnpac, 'r ζο líonmari,
 Eipe, 'éip éailte, éip τairze mo épíoe.

'T IS GONE, AND FOR EVER.

AIR—*'Sa mhuirnín dilis.*

I.

'T is gone, and for ever, the light we saw breaking,
 Like Heaven's first dawn o'er the sleep of the dead—
 When Man, from the slumber of ages awaking,
 Look'd upward, and bless'd the pure ray, ere it fled.
 'T is gone, and the gleams it has left of its burning
 But deepen the long night of bondage and mourning,
 That dark o'er the kingdoms of earth is returning,
 And darkest of all, hapless Erin, o'er thee.

II.

For high was thy hope, when those glories were dárting
 Around thee thro' all the gross clouds of the world;
 When Truth, from her fetters indignantly starting,
 At once like a Sun-burst her banner unfurled.
 Oh! never shall earth see a moment so splendid—
 Then, then—had one Hymn of Deliverance blended
 The tongues of all nations—how sweet had ascended
 The first note of Liberty, Erin, from thee!

III.

But, shame on those tyrants who envied the blessing!
 And shame on the light race unworthy its good,
 Who, at Death's reeking altar, like Furies caressing
 The young hope of Freedom, baptiz'd it in blood!
 Then vanish'd for ever that bright, sunny vision,
 Which, spite of the slavish, the cold heart's derision,
 Shall long be remember'd, pure, bright, and elysian,
 As first it arose, my lost Erin, on thee.

DO CONNAIRC AIR MAIDIN.

fonn—moll.

I.

Do connairc air maidin, air an múir o'éir a líonta,
 An long bheáḡ faoi feoltaib zḡ h-álm aḡ rḡám:
 Do deaircar aḡr,—o'ḡ an zḡman tar éir claonta—
 B'i an long air an zaineam, 'ḡ an tuile 'néir tráḡaó.

II.

Súo rompla air muinín a'ḡ air mearbail na baoire,
 Mar rúo euluirgear laete ar rláinte 'ḡ ar féin.
 Bídeann na tonna, air ar rinceaó, o' ar o-tréigirín, teaót doire,
 'S o'ar b-fáḡáil tráḡ-nóna air an tráḡ b'an linn féin.

III.

Ná tráḡt liom air céim, nó air ceannar aḡ foilruḡaó
 Zlean dorca air n-oióce, máḡ rám-rolur mé,
 Aét tabair dam zaeete úḡa na maione aḡ foilruḡaó
 An oúbain níor áille, 'na lóḡann luíde lae.

IV.

Cia ar nac m-berdeao cúma n-oiáḡ am uo na uile,
 Raiḡ rúbailce an cumainn 'cupi bláḡ ar a báḡ;
 'S éioide mar éḡann, úḡ, álm coille faoi bile,
 Sgeit o'a oóis' deáḡ-balaó ó'n t-rúḡ trí n-a láḡ.

I SAW FROM THE BEACH

AIR—Miss Molly.

I.

I saw from the beach, when the morning was shining,
A bark o'er the waters move gloriously on ;
I came when the sun o'er that beach was declining,
The bark was still there, but the waters were gone.

II.

And such is the fate of our life's early promise,
So passing the spring-tide of joy we have known ;
Each wave, that we danc'd on at morning, ebbs from us,
And leaves us, at eve, on the bleak shore alone.

III.

Ne'er tell me of glories serenely adorning
The close of our day, the calm eve of our night :—
Give me back, give me back the wild freshness of Morning,
Her clouds and her tears are worth Evening's best light.

IV.

Oh! who would not welcome that moment's returning
When passion first wak'd a new life through his frame,
And his soul—like the wood that grows precious in burning—
Gave out all its sweets to love's exquisite flame?

AN CUAC MAR 'S CÓIR SUAS LÍON.

Fonn—Bob a' r Seon.

I

An cuac mar 'r cóir ruar líon,
 Le lin rgalá doimín'
 Silt air málairò bhaon,
 B'róeann ó gac imníò rleaniam.
 Ní rgaoiltear gaeete zeur'
 An g'pinn éo luac 'r éo b'p'g'mar,
 Le 'nuair do éig mar éaon,
 Trí cuaca larra líonm'ar.
 An cuac, mar 'r cóir ruar líon
 Le lin rgalá doimín
 Silt air málairò bhaon,
 B'róeann ó gac imníò rleaniam.

II.

Gabann mar veir an rgeul,
 Eigre rtuama air rciata
 An éaon, 'r o neam na reul,
 Veir a nuar a gaeete.
 Mar rúo 'ra b'pleaó e'p'inn'
 Tarraingmuir do cinnte,
 O neam na h-eágha 'r g'pinn,
 Na gaeete 'r zeire 'r tinte.
 An cuac mar 'r cóir, ruar líon.

III.

Cia an báir u'g'ar a bi
 'S oual rior f'agail ní h-ionghaó,
 Go m-b'róeann go ríor an e'p'oiré
 Cum r'p'oiré ríona élaonaó:

FILL THE BUMPER FAIR.

AIR—Bob and Joan.

I.

Fill the bumper fair!
Every drop we sprinkle
O'er the brow of Care.
Smooths away a wrinkle.
Wit's electric flame
Ne'er so swiftly passes,
As when thro' the frame
It shoots from brimming glasses.
Fill the bumper fair!
Every drop we sprinkle
O'er the brow of Care,
Smooths away a wrinkle.

II.

Sages can, they say,
Grasp the lightning's pinions,
And bring down its ray
From the starr'd dominions.
So we, Sages, sit
And 'mid bumpers bright'ning,
From the heaven of Wit
Draw down all its lightning.

III.

Wouldst thou know what first
Made our souls inherit
This ennobling thirst
For wine's celestial spirit?

Do tábla ann ar trá,
 'Nuair ruar go flaitéar u' euluis
 An te' goir ar, raoi rzáč,
 An teine, peir na rzeularó
 An cuac mar 'r cóir ruar líon.

IV.

Do'n óglac tmoill 'ra t-riže,
 Bí gan roizéac, gan corin,
 Le tabairt 'nuar ar críc
 Na n-deate zeal, an zoim.
 Aét ó mar léim a émoiđe,
 'Oim dearcadó mearz na neulta,
 Conairc cuac 'nna lurde,
 Buó le bacáar rubac na neulta,
 An cuac mar 'r cóir ruar líon.

V.

Bí ann ra rzála bnaon,
 'Fagaó n'éir na h-oróce,
 Tuit oméle annra b-fion,
 Fuižeall flead na raoite.
 Súo e riorairi bpiž
 Fíona, air aigne flača,
 Súo mar éoižeann cpoiđe
 'D'a u-tiz ar cuac ué, ceáča.
 An cuac mar 'r cóir ruar líon.

It chanced upon that day,
When, as bards inform us,
Prometheus stole away
The living fires that warm us.

IV.

The careless Youth, when up
To Glory's fount aspiring,
Took nor urn nor cup
To hide the pilfered fire in.
But, oh! his joy! when, round
The halls of heaven spying,
Among the stars he found
A bowl of Bacchus lying.

V.

Some drops were in that bowl,
Remains of last night's pleasure,
With which the Sparks of Soul
Mix'd their burning treasure.
Hence the goblet's shower
Hath such spells to win us;
Hence its mighty power
O'er that flame within us.
Fill the bumper fair!
Every drop we sprinkle
O'er the brow of Care,
Smooths away a wrinkle.

'CRUIT ANSA MO TÍRE.

Fonn—langols.

I.

'Cruit ansa mo tíre, ann doicádas bí rínte,
 Bí fuar-cuing na torra oir fáirgíte go teann;
 Do tois mé ar zibeal, o' éir do cuibhead beic rzaoilte,
 Ail do ceudaib rzeic zaeite, ar foluir raor-mann.
 Bí fuaim runtae feata do b' aeiraiže 'r burò binne,
 Ais dúraet do ceuda, 'bí ruammar, cum ceoil;
 Aet bíoir do neam-eólgac ail fuaicar 'r ail lunne
 Go m-bhipeann an bhón trí do fúgaisil go fóill.

II.

Slán asur beannaet le do binn-zaeitib, 'cruit crioim,
 So an olaois véigionac oánta, do véanram' a óealb,
 Téir, ar cooail faoi rzaíl lonnraiz záirte ail do fuan trom,
 Go b-fágaro meura níor rtuama ail do ceudaib ciun', realb.
 Má bí crioite zairziz tpeunmair, tír-zráoais, nó ruaric-raoi,
 'Za z-coimuzao, ais eirdeact lé reinnim ar n-oann,
 Ní raib annam-ra aet oiteós neam-bhuizmar na luac-zaoit',
 Asur uait-re do táimic an fuaim binn amáin.

DEAR HARP OF MY COUNTRY.

AIR—Langolee.

I.

Dear Harp of my Country! in darkness I found thee,
The cold chain of silence had hung o'er thee long,
When proudly, my own Island Harp, I unbound thee,
And gave all thy chords to light, freedom, and song!
The warm lay of love and the light note of gladness
Have waken'd thy fondest, thy liveliest thrill;
But so oft hast thou echo'd the deep sigh of sadness,
That ev'n in thy mirth it will steal from thee still.

II.

Dear Harp of my Country! farewell to thy numbers:
This sweet wreath of song is the last we shall twine;
Go, sleep with the sunshine of Fame on thy slumbers,
Till touch'd by some hand less unworthy than mine:
If the pulse of the patriot, soldier, or lover,
Have throb'd at our lay, 't is thy glory alone:
I was *but* as the wind, passing heedlessly over,
And all the wild sweetness I wak'd was thy own.

A CRUIT CÁOIN.

Fonn—Caomeadó.

I.

A éruit cáoin! úrḡaim ariur binn-ḡaeṑe
 Uo ceoil, bí báiteṑe faoi coolaó tṑom:
 Lári ueori uo rḡaramar, 'r ariur u'éir laeṑe
 Tá uo caraó a lári ueori liom—
 Míori bṑur oir rúḡnaó, aṑṑ maṑi na cláiriḡ,
 Aḡ a maib ó neaṑi a ṑinn 'r a rṑuaim,
 'S uo cánaó bṑuro, maṑi uo bṑuro ḡo h-áiriáíó—
 Táiri airi na raileos' ḡo fóill ḡan fuaim.

II.

ḡiú, ó uo ṑeinn uoṑinn uo ceuda ceolmaṑi,
 Bí am caiteṑeime, a'ṑ n-éir coḡaíó ṑiúṑ,
 A'ṑ b' iomóa cṑoióe, uo léim le uóṑeṑ ḡlóṑmaṑi
 Tá aṑoir faoi náire uob, tṑom, 'nn a luíóe—
 Aṑṑ có-faó 'r bí aḑríáin a'ṑ uáṑṑa binne
 Airi tíri 'r airi tonṑ u'a rḡeíṑ ḡan rḡiṑ,
 'S aḡ líonaó aḡne na rluas le luimne,
 U'a m-báiri ni fuairi tu aṑṑ bṑureaó cṑoióe.

III.

Cia beíóeaó a feíteáó, 'éruit éṑom, airi luac-rṑuṑ,
 'O uo éṑom-ueudaib, ue ceoltaib binn':
 'O ṑuireos maíone, beíóeaó co tráṑaṑaíṑ raori-ḡuṑ,
 'N áit ḡéire aḡ éascaoin a h-aoire airi linn.
 Ciannoṑ aḡaíó'ó airi ṑon raoriṑ' uo ḡaeṑe.
 Mo éruit ṑéin uíliṑ, airi a b-ṑuil aḡam ḡriáó,
 'S an émaob, le n-ḡléaraim uo cum a'ṑ u' féite,
 ḡuṑi fleáṑḡ tá ṑiḡṑe ṑi le rlabṑaíóe a'ṑ bláṑ.

MY GENTLE HARP.

AIR—The Caoine or Dirge.

I.

My gentle Harp! once more I waken
 The sweetness of thy slumbering strain;
 In tears our last farewell was taken,
 And now in tears we meet again.
 No light of song hath o'er thee broken,
 But like those harps whose heavenly skill
 Of slavery, dark as thine, have spoken—
 Thou hang'st upon the willow still.

II.

And yet, since last thy chord resounded,
 An hour of peace and triumph came,
 And many an ardent bosom bounded
 With hopes—that now are turn'd to shame.
 Yet even then while peace was singing
 Her halcyon song o'er land and sea,
 Though joy and hope to others bringing,
 She only brought new tears to thee.

III.

Then, who can ask for notes of pleasure,
 My drooping harp, from chords like thine?
 Alas, the lark's gay morning measure
 As ill would suit the swan's decline!
 Or how shall I, who love, who bless thee,
 Invoke thy breath for freedom's strains,
 When ev'n the wreaths in which I dress thee
 Are sadly mix'd—half flow'rs, half chains?

IV.

Δέτ έυζαμ, 'r μά τά ανν το έυμ, τά αιζ ρεόεαν,
 Δον ζυτ άμαιν ριανρα ναε έ-φυιλ ραοι ρυαν,
 Κομμυιζ έαμ-ρα ρε, ά'ρ ταβαιρ ριορ ο'ά θεοδαεαν,
 Ζυρ βινν το έεολτα λάρ βρόιν, 'r ζυρ βυαν—
 Ζυρ αοιβινν ρειννεαρ tú α λάρ να ζ-ερόναε,
 Τρα βίθεαρ ρονν λυννεαε ο'ά ζάβαιλ ζο ζυινν,
 Μαρ ιομάιζ Μεαίννοιν βυρτε, βέροιρ ζο βρόναε
 Τρί ρεμορ 'r τρί ραφαε ζο h-αοναρε, βινν.

ΑΙΖ ΣΝΑΪΜ Ο'ΑΡ ΛΟΙΝΖ ΑΝΝ ΑΖΑΙΘ ΖΑΟΤ ΤΕΑΝΝ'.

ρονν—αν αιλιν ο' ράζ με 'μο ο'ιαίζ.

I.

Αιζ ρνάιμ ο'αρ λοιηζ ανη αζαίθ ζαοτ' τεανη',
 Λε' ραιβ α ρεολτα λιοντα,
 Το είρρεαθ αν βιατ α ρτεαε ό'η ζ-επιανη
 Cum αν έυαιν, 'ο' ράζ ρί, ρίντε.
 Μαρ ρυο ιρ μαλλ αρ ριύβαλ 'r αν τ-ρλίζε
 'Ο άραρ ζήάθαε αρ ζ-άιρτε,
 Αιρ α η-ιομπυιζεανη ελαοντα ύμάλ' αρ ζ-εμοιρε,
 Μαρ αν λοηζ-βιατ ρζαοιλτε ανη άιρτε.

II.

Αιζ μεαβρύζαθ αν αν', έυαιθ έαρτ μαρ εεο
 Νεαίμ-βυζήμαρ, 'bunn να ρλέιρε;
 Βίθεανη βρόιν ά'ρ ζάιρθεοεαρ ρίορ-θεο,
 'Σ α μεαρζαθ λάρ αρ ζ-ελειβε;
 'S 'ηυαιρ ούρπυιζεανη εεολτα ρλαε 'r αν έ-ρλέιρ,
 Ζαε κάλιθεαετ όζ ά'ρ έμοιραμαιλ—
 Ο'αρ ραν 'ηηαιρ η ο'ιαίζ, βίθεανη ευαε αιρ λειτ
 'Ουλ έαρτ, 'r 'Σ α όλ ζο ραοιταμαιλ.

IV.

But come, if yet thy frame can borrow
 One breath of joy—oh! breathe for me,
 And show the world in chains and sorrow,
 How sweet thy music still can be;
 How gaily, ev'n 'mid gloom surrounding,
 Thou yet canst wake at pleasure's thrill—
 Like Memnon's broken image sounding,
 'Mid desolation tuneful still!

AS SLOW OUR SHIP.

Air—The girl I left behind me.

I.

As slow our ship her foamy track
 Against the wind was cleaving,
 Her trembling pennant still look'd back
 To the dear isle 't was leaving.
 So loath we part from all we love,
 From all the links that bind us;
 So turn our hearts where'er we rove,
 To those we've left behind us.

II.

When, round the bowl, of vanish'd years
 We talk, with joyous seeming,—
 With smiles, that might as well be tears,
 So faint, so sad their beaming;
 While mem'ry brings us back again
 Each early tie that twin'd us,
 Oh! sweet 's the cup that circles then
 To those we've left behind us.

III.

A o-tíreib coisjuígeada, an tíá,
 Do cíomuir innye 'r gleannta;
 'S gac nio faoi blát, aét earba gíáó
 'S an coimíoll caom do íantuíg;
 Búó míoí an rólár ari ari g-choíóe,
 'Sur báíí ari doibnear faogalta,
 Dá m-beíóeáó rúo a gáinn le n-ari m-bíé
 Ann doin-feaóé cáííoe 'r gáolta.

IV.

Mar íúíblaé roíí, aíg amáíe íarí,
 Go mall aíg teaóé na h-oióóe,
 Aíg breaónuíáó ari an lá ari íarí
 Romí euluíáó uaióe óoióóe:
 Mar rúó, o' eir teílgean íarí ari n-óearíe,
 O bhuácaib gáíí' na h-uamíe,
 Tíg lóóían géal na h-óíge íearíe'
 Tíe neulá doííe a' r cúíma.

'NUAIR 'SA G-CRÉ BEÍÓEAS AN CARAO.

íonn—treunaóó Uomnaíg.

I.

'Nuair ía g-cré beíóear an carao, ari íaíb a gac gíáó,
 Bíóeáó a lóóta 'r a luamíneaóé ía gta 'r a g-cíll;
 Nó, ó 'n táíí tíom, a b-íuíl ann, ma toíóearí an ígáé,
 Caom íao gan gíeo, 'r an ígáé 'ííí oííá ííl.
 Aóé, ó má ta bíoínaé le cuimínuíáó an ígeul,
 Surí euluíg le caóuíáó ó'n t-íolur a óíoióe,
 Íí doíbíí an cuimínuíáó go m-buó tu-íá an íeul,
 'Do íoílííg an a baíle íe láí oúíban, ía t-ílííe.

III.

And when in other climes we meet
 Some isle or vale enchanting,
 Where all looks flow'ry, wild, and sweet,
 And nought but love is wanting;
 We think how great had been our bliss,
 If heaven had but assigned us
 To live and die in scenes like this,
 With some we 've left behind us.

IV.

As trav'lers oft look back at eve,
 When eastward darkly going,
 To gaze upon that light they leave
 Still faint behind them glowing,—
 So, when the close of pleasure's day
 To gloom hath near consign'd us,
 We turn to catch one fading ray
 Of joy that 's left behind us.

WHEN COLD IN THE EARTH.

AIR—Limerick's Lamentation,

I.

When cold in the earth lies the friend thou hast lov'd,
 Be his faults and his follies forgot by thee then;
 Or, if from their slumber the veil be remov'd,
 Weep o'er them in silence, and close it again.
 And oh! if 't is pain to remember how far
 From the pathways of light he was tempted to roam,
 Be it bliss to remember that thou wert the star
 That arose on his darkness, and guided him home.

II.

Uait-fe 'r ó o' áille, san rmal aih, 'o lár,
 An t-eagha 'o claoi fe cum fíor-ghaó 'zo mói,
 Ais aihéaí 'o rpioiario lonhaó a éar,
 'O na iogháiríte táih, 'o'a maib tab'haó 'zo leoi.
 Aih rhuá a beaáa oub, meafhá le gaoé,
 Tainicir maí éúnaí géal, ráih aih an tuinn,
 'S ma bí claoiá a laeé le leup aoihámaíl buíóe
 'S uait 'fíolhuig an folup 'o rgeit le n-a linn.

III.

'S ció o' éiioáó ó baohé na h-oiúe oub-neul,
 'S ció feolóáó aih reááhá 'r áih reáámaíl fe, b'neuz,
 Ais, umpuáá aih an glóih, bí 'r na moíre úo maí neul,
 San muil rcaíá an baohé 'r an reááhá 'zo h-euz.
 Maí r'agairt na g'neine, le r'galaó 'o 'n lá,
 B'íóear a laráó na h-altóia bí r'múoamáil faoi éeo:
 Ma bí r'ubailce, aon tamal, laí-b'íúáó, faoi r'gáé,
 'O' umpuig aih a r'mígeáó 'r bí lará 'zo beo.

BÍ CINTÉ GÍÓ FÁGÁ TAÍR.

FOON—CAIRLEÁN TÍR-EON.

I.

Bí cinte gíó fágá táih, óo fáo 'r beíóear me beo,
 Naó n-euloááó 'o cumán ar mo éioíóe r'ig 'zo 'o;
 Níoi oulfe faoi éiom-b'íón, faoi oubaáan 'r faoi r'ian,
 'Na tííte ir téaghaíúe aih foilríúeann an g'uan.

II.

'Oa m-beíóeáó maí b' aít liom, mói, áro, raoh, a g'haó,
 'Oe 'n míu, r'gáit na reoióe; 'o 'n tíi, r'gáit na m-blaé.
 'O cumáéa buó réiúeáó liom féin beit 'g a luáó,
 Aét mo éionn oíe ní meuoááó 'o céim, no 'o éuaó.

II.

From thee and thy innocent beauty first came
 The revealings, that first taught true love to adore,
 To feel the bright presence, and turn him with shame
 From the idols he blindly had knelt to before.
 O'er the waves of a life, long benighted and wild,
 Thou cam'st like a soft golden calm o'er the sea ;
 And if happiness purely and glowingly smiled,
 On his evening horizon, the light was from thee.

III.

And tho', sometimes, the shade of past folly would rise,
 And tho' falsehood again should allure him to stray,
 He but turn'd to the glory that dwelt in those eyes,
 And the folly, the falsehood soon vanished away.
 As the priests of the Sun, when their altar grew dim,
 At the day-beam alone could its lustre repair ;
 So, if virtue a moment grew languid in him,
 He but flew to that smile, and rekindled it there.

REMEMBER THEE ! YES.

AIR—Castle Tirowen.

I.

Remember thee ! yes, while there 's life in this heart,
 It shall never forget thee, all lorn as thou art ;
 More dear in thy sorrow, thy gloom, and thy showers,
 Than the rest of the world in their sunniest hours.

II.

Wert thou all that I wish thee—great, glorious, and free,
 First flow'r of the earth, and first gem of the sea,
 I might hail thee with prouder, with happier brow
 But, oh ! could I love thee more deeply than now ?

III.

Ais teàit, le zeur-cuibhe, 'oo o' fuil zo tiúg, teann,
 'S i'e foilgigeann a z-cúnam níor teazmaí' 'oo élanh,
 Maí an t-ál anhr an b-fárac 'r a nead teazmaí' teo,
 'S a z-conzbaíl le fuil bhonn a mátarí ríor-bheo.

FÍG TART AIR TAOb.

Fonn—Noíra an éirte.

I.

Fíg tart air taob
 Na cuai'ce, craob
 Ir glaire 'oe z'nean raoiteamail:
 Zo neam' na meul,
 Noct rúo le zaoí,
 Tríéirint 'oíeam' neam'choídamail.
 Ma bídeann an z'ráo,
 'Stíg filte a r'zát,
 An t-ruaricair 'n a'zairó a tríéig'ce,
 Le 'oóig' bí teann,
 Co'ao 'r b'éirdear fíon ann,
 Le m-báit'ramuro a z'aece.

III.

No ; thy chains as they rankle, thy blood as it runs,
 But make thee more painfully dear to thy sons,
 Whose hearts, like the young of the desert-bird's nest,
 Drink love in each life-drop that flows from thy breast.

WREATHE THE BOWL.

AIR—*Nora an Kiste.*

I.

Wreathe the bowl
 With flow'rs of soul,
 The brightest Wit can find us ;
 We 'll take a flight
 Tow'rds Heav'n to-night,
 And leave dull earth behind us.
 Should Love amid
 The wreaths be hid,
 Which Mirth, th' enchanter, brings us.
 No danger fear,
 While wine is near,
 We 'll drown him if he stings us,
 Then wreathe the bowl
 With flow'rs of soul,
 The brightest Wit can find us ;
 We 'll take a flight.
 Tow'rds Heav'n to-night,
 And leave dull earth behind us.

II.

Buò gnátaò aig flait,
 Na noia, le rzaic
 Deòc neaimòa 'beic 's a m-beoòacàn,
 'S tá air air rliže,
 An rzaic uo oiže,
 Do imearzaò méiri air n-óócaín:—
 Mar ro, tóiz fíon,
 An cuac ruar líon,
 'S bíóeaò timcioll ruile rziamaíail',
 'S le zaete zjunn,
 Lar ruar an linn,
 'S feuc' deòc na n-Óia zo céim'ail.

III.

Tab'ri fíor cia an rač,
 A n-veáimnaíò tmač,
 An cuac le zaineam' líonaò,
 'Nuair ir luaité rruč,
 An fíon', 'ra ómuč,
 Ir veipe é, niò nac' ionzaò:
 'O! ouinn é bponn,
 Le rmiž 'r le fonn,
 'S ve'n rzála véanram' pointe,
 'Zur beioíò zo rriar,
 'Dá tuile teacét ar
 'S an' óa' taob' lán zo cinte.

II.

'T was nectar fed.
 Of old, 't is said,
 Their Junos, Joves, Apollos ;
 But Man may brew
 His nectar too,
 The rich receipt 's as follows :
 Take wine like this,
 Let looks of bliss
 Around it well be blended,
 Then bring Wit's beam
 To warm the stream,
 And there 's your nectar, splendid !
 So wreathe the bowl, etc.

III.

Say, why did Time
 His glass sublime
 Fill up with sands unsightly,
 When wine, he knëw,
 Runs brisker through,
 And sparkles far more brightly ?
 Oh ! lend it us,
 And, smiling thus,
 The glass in two we 'll sever,
 Make pleasure glide
 In double tide,
 And fill both ends for ever.
 Then wreathe the bowl, etc.

NA DEARMAD AN FÁIT.

Fonn—Cúma déruim.

I.

Na dearmad an fáit air ar rínead
 Sgait déigíonac na laoc angh an áir,
 Uile iméigíte: 'Sur rinn-ne 'S a S-caoinead
 'S an céim tá 'ra S-cé leo fá lár.

II.

O! da m-b' féirir ó'n S-cé, glaoðac cum gliaða
 Air na Sairgíóig, tá eugta a ruan,
 Ais imhic lé lann a' le rgiada
 Air son raighre arí' go ríor-buan.

III.

Oá b-fággamuir na cuibneada 'bhuiead,
 O' fáirg dian-éannar orainn, 'r ní pann,
 O! ir cinne air tíoráin go S-clirfead
 'N-a'gairó céir, a S-cuir orainn go teann.

IV.

Act tá tarit—ar gíó molta 'rna rgeultaið,
 'S na rtairéib, tá bneugac no ríor,
 Béir an buad-oric rai mallact 'r rai neultaið,
 Snídear raltairt air éiróéib bí rai.

V.

Ir annra an uairi nó lann-rlabhairde,
 U-fuil lócmann éliú laocra tír-gnaðac,
 Na buad-érad an méir á beirdear meabruig'
 Fá éirige air éreac raighre, go bíac.

FORGET NOT THE FIELD.

Air—The Lamentation of Limerick.

I.

Forget not the field where they perish'd,
 The truest, the last of the brave,
 All gone—and the bright hope we cherished,
 Gone with them, and quench'd in their grave!

II.

Oh! could we from death but recover
 Those hearts, as they bounded before,
 In the face of high heaven to fight over
 That combat for Freedom once more.

III.

Could the chain for an instant be riven,
 Which tyranny flung round 'us then,
 Oh! 't is not in Man nor in Heaven
 To let tyranny bind us again.

IV.

But 't is past; and tho' blazon'd in story
 The name of our victor may be,
 Accurst is the march of that glory
 Which treads o'er the hearts of the free.

V.

Far dearer the grave or the prison,
 Illum'd by one patriot name,
 Than the trophies of all who have risen
 On Liberty's ruins to fame.

O! 'DO LANNAI'B AN AM', TÁ A G-CIAN.

Fonn—ní 'l fíor air.

I.

O! 'DO LANNAI'B AN AM', TÁ A G-CIAN,
 O! 'DO NA GAIΓGÍOIB' CLÍUTAC',
 'DO CÒRAIN CEAPIT, MAR ΓΓAIΓ NA B-PIAN,
 'S 'DO BÍ LÉ OIAN-OIHC, CÚITEAC!
 NA FEAMA FÍOIR' GÓ FÓILL NÁR MÍLL
 TAIΓ-FEIOIDE CAIΓLEÁN MÍGEAMAIL,
 ΔÉT FEALB CÉIM, 'DO ΓAOΓMUIΓ A'Γ ÉUILL
 LE CIÓDÁCÉT A'Γ CÁILIOEACÉT PAOITEAMAIL.
 O! 'DO LANNAI'B AN AM', TÁ A G-CIAN,
 O! 'DO NA GAIΓGÍOIB' CLÍUTAC',
 'DO CÒRAIN CEAPIT, MAR ΓΓAIΓ NA B-PIAN,
 'S 'DO BÍ LÉ OIAN-OIHC, CÚITEAC!

II.

O! 'DO NA MÍGÉIB', 'BÍ 'NUAIRI ΓIN ANN,
 O! 'D'A MÓR-CÚIR MÉIMEAMAIL;
 'D'A G-CÚM'OCÁC NÍ MAIB OÚN NO LANN,
 ΔÉT LÁMA LAOC'PA CÉIMEAMAIL!
 'NUAIRI BÍ ΓΓIAÉ UÉTA OLUÉ, MAR ΓEALL
 AIR COINΓIOILL TEÁΓAMAC CMOIÓTE,
 ΔIΓ CÒPAINC Ó ΓAC MARLA 'Γ FEALL
 AIR O-CÁTAIRI ΓMÁDÁC NÁ MÍGÉTE!
 O! 'DO NA MÍGÉIB', 'BÍ 'NUAIRI ΓIN ANN,
 O! 'D'A MÓR-CÚIR MÉIMEAMAIL;
 'D'A G-CÚM'OCÁC NÍ MAIB OÚN NO LANN,
 ΔÉT LÁMA LAOC'PA CÉIMEAMAIL!

OH! FOR THE SWORDS.

AIR—*Name unknown.*

I.

Oh! for the Swords of former time!
Oh! for the men who bore them!
When, arm'd for Right, they stood sublime,
And tyrants crouch'd before them!
When pure yet, ere courts began
With honours to enslave him,
The best honours worn by man
Were those which virtue gave him.
Oh! for the swords, etc.

II.

Oh! for the Kings who flourished then!
Oh! for the pomp that crown'd them,
When hearts and hands of free-born men
Were all the ramparts round them!
When, safe built on bosoms true,
The throne was but the centre
Round which Love a circle drew,
That Treason durst not enter.
Oh! for the kings, etc.

siúbal, siúbal a loing.

Fonn—Dran-óán na bainne.

I.

Siúbal, siúbal a loing, gan rḡác 'ra t-riuc,
 Réirí marí feolpar tú, an ḡaoḡ,
 Ní béirómuio báirte a m-bhíón óo ouḡ,
 A'ḡ bímarí óeana, fearḡoa óoiróce—
 'S re an ḡlóirí oo bhurpar ó ḡác tonn;
 ḡiḡ an bár beir páoi n-arí rḡmíḡeaḡ 'nna luiróe,
 Ní'ḡ rinn ruairí, cealḡác marí an ḡionḡ,
 Airí rḡao a rḡmíḡ' oo óuirí ' oo ómóiróe.

II.

Siúbal leat, siúbal leat, gan rḡiḡ, gan ruan,
 Tmó ríon, 'r tmó óiúnar, láirí na rḡáiríḡ,
 An níuirí ir buairte, ir ionnon 'r cuan
 Oo 'n te o' rḡás ḡmóó-óimóiróce airí rḡáiríḡ
 No—buairteairí rinn airí talamí bán,
 Airí náirí óuirí ḡác rḡirí an óam-óimóiróe,
 Airí buairteá rḡaoḡairí oe ruaircar lán—
 Oéan ann, 'r ná oéan ḡo o-tí rinn, rḡiḡ.

ma beir samailt bróna.

Fonn—Airí an m-bairle ro tá an Cúilín.

—no,—

o' feairí liom 'na Eirinn.

I.

Ma beirí rḡamailt bhíóna 'ḡur ríon-óuirte óléibe
 Don comairte cinte airí óáimí aḡur ḡaoḡ
 Ir oearibéa ḡur uair-re, a óruaḡ-óeoimáirí rḡléibe
 Naomí Sion, oo óaimic rḡlióóce Eiréann a'ḡ ríol.

SAIL ON, SAIL ON.

AIR—The Humming of the Ban.

I.

Sail on, sail on, thou fearless bark:
 Wherever blows the welcome wind,
 It cannot lead to scenes more dark,
 More sad than those we leave behind.
 Each wave that passes seems to say:
 “Though death beneath our smile may be,
 Less cold we are, less false than they,
 Whose smiling wreck’d thy hopes and thee”.

II.

Sail on, sail on: through endless years—
 Through calm—through tempest—stop no more.
 The stormiest sea ’s a resting place
 To him who leaves such hearts on shore.
 Or—if some desert land we meet,
 Where never yet false-hearted men
 Profan’d a world that else were sweet,
 Then rest thee, bark, but not till then.

YES, SAD ONE OF SION.

AIR—In this Village is the Cuilin; or, I’d Rather than Ireland.

I.

Yes, sad one of Sion! if closely resembling,
 In shame and in sorrow, thy wither’d-up heart—
 If drinking, deep, deep, of the same “cup of trembling”,
 Could make us thy children, our parent thou art.

II.

Μαρι εϋ τά αρι μιζεαδτ φαοι ζευρι-δεανναρ βηριτε
 'Ζυρ τωιττε ó n-a ceann τα αν ερíoιν-φλεαρζ 'nna λυριε,
 Τά α βάιτε 'ρ α ρηάιρε μαρι φαραδ βάν ρζημορτα
 S α ζ-εαρτ λάρι αν λαε φέιν, τά α ζημαν 'νειρ ουλ φαοι.

III.

Μαρι υο ελαν, τά α υοομαριε λάρι υόοαιρ αζ ριλλεαδ,
 φάζαιλ βάιρ φαδ ο'n m-baile α βειε ann, buδ ρε 'mian,
 Μαρι υο φλιόετ, τά α ρλιόετ-ραν λάριουδ-βηρίοιν na cille,
 Δ meamraδ λαετε lonraδ' τά βαίτε α ζ-cian.

IV.

'S oual α βαιρτεαδ "bean φάζτε", μαρι εϋρα 'n am árra,
 Τά α h-uairle 'na ρζλάβαριε 'ζυρ α τρευν-φιν ζαν buaiδ,
 "S na ceolta ιρ binne υο ειζ ó n-a cláirraiz,
 Sé ιρ ραίμαι υόίβ ορναίζεαλ na ζαοίτε αιρ uaim.

V.

Δετ ρυαιρ τύ υο εúιτυζαδ 'ρ βί αν μάραδ α ροιρρυζαδ
 'Oo ειζ 'νειρ αν υουδαοαιν υ'α φαδ' í αν οιοε,
 'S an μιζ-φλατ υο ζηρεαδ εϋ,—ρυαδ αν naímaio α ροιρρυζαδ
 Μαρι ζιοιόαδ τα βηριτε ορ υο κομαιρ ζαν αον βηιζ.

VI.

Óιρ αν εuaδ ρεαίβ βειρρεαδ αν óιρ-εαταιρ λίντε,
 βί 'ζα κυρ le n-a beul ρειν 'ρ buδ cóιρ, ceapτ, αν ερíoε,
 'S εϋρ ζαιρρεαρ αιρ na υαοιμε, φαοι n-a ζευρι δεανναρ ρίντε,
 An uail ó n-a εαλλαίρ 'ρ ó n-a λυιηζιρ αν ρζηρίοε.

VII.

Uair υο εϋιτ malaδτ neime, βί α υ-ταίρζε, ζο ballaδ
 Διρ α ceanariε 'ρ αιρ α ceanraipτ λυετ-ερεαδτα ζο τηom,
 'S φαοι léir-ρζιορ φα υειρε 'ρ αιζ cnuimós φαοι φαλαδ,
 βί ban-μιζεαν na μιζαδτ' 'ζ α ραλταιρτ ζο lom.

II.

Like thee doth our nation lie conquered and broken,
And fall'n from her head is the once royal crown ;
In her streets, in her halls, desolation hath spoken,
And " while it is day yet, her sun hath gone down ".

III.

Like thee doth her exile, 'mid dreams of returning,
Die far from the home it were life to behold ;
Like thine do her sons, in the day of their mourning,
Remember the bright things that bless'd them of old.

IV.

Ah ! well may we call her, like thee, " the forsaken ",
Her boldest are vanquish'd, her proudest are slaves ;
And the harps of her minstrels, when gayest they waken,
Have breathings as sad as the wind over graves.

V.

Yet hadst thou thy vengeance—yet came there the morrow,
That shines out, at last, on the longest dark night,
When the sceptre that smote thee with slav'ry and sorrow,
Was shiver'd at once, like a reed, in thy sight.

VI.

When that cup, which, for others, the proud Golden City
Had brimm'd full of bitterness, drench'd her own lips,
And the world she had trampled on, heard, without pity,
The howl in her halls, and the cry from her ships.

VII.

When the curse heaven keeps for the haughty came over
Her merchants rapacious, her rulers unjust,
And—a ruin, at last, for the earth-worm to cover,—
The Lady of Kingdoms lay low in the dust.

ÓL AS AN Ț-CUAC SO.

Fonn—PATRUIC O'RAFAIRTE.

I.

Ól ar an Ț-cuac ro, óir béarfairò tu orairò
 Níor ar Țac' deorí dé, 'nn aȚairò aicíó a'f euf'lan;
 Na trác' ar an Țean-deoc, bí aȚ Elin, marí çairairò,
 Ní maib an cuac rin ac' man-rȚeul; ro 'n rȚala b-fuil cial ann.
 Blar ar an m-bollóg arí a b'arí a tá lonmar
 Ma 'r mian leat an raogal ro do óibhir, 'r a neul'ta
 Ac' t'iom-fairc Țac' b'raon dé, le çmorde naç m-beirò rȚanmar
 Ma 'r áil leat beir' toȚta ço h-áiro leir na neul'ta.
 Cuir çairt an cuac; óir beuirfairò tu orairò
 Níor ar Țac' deorí dé 'nn aȚairò aicíó a'f euf'lan
 Na trác' ar an Țean-deoc, bí aȚ Elin, marí çairairò,
 Ní maib an cuac rin ac' man-rȚeul, ro an rȚala b-fuil cial ann.

II.

Țo fóil maib don Țean-deoc ço b'riȚmarí níorí mearȚad,
 Le'n-ari ceurfarò a çluanuȚad, marí an rȚála ro líonmar,
 Do tionrȚnad a ómuçta, an trác' bí raolí b-farçad
 An Țrían bohirçta, rȚiamac, raolí tear' foȚmarí Țmanmarí:
 An ruo 'n éir le téarçarí an t-rámarò, beir' buirde, bán,
 'Sgeirçad balaó 'Țur blat an t-réaruirí buó tear'maríȚe,
 Bí ril't ar an ruȚ ur, 'tá móir ionȚantaç, fóir-lan
 Cum çmorçte do beoçan, beirdead' ruaruirçte o'a ear'ba,
 O an Ț-cuac marí ríó ól óir beuirfairò tu orairò
 Níor ar Țac' deorí dé 'nn aȚairò aicíó a'f euf'lan,
 Na trác' ar an Țean-deoc bí aȚ Elin marí çairairò
 Ní maib an cuac rin ac' man-rȚeul, ro an rȚala b-fuil cial ann.

III.

Cí b' f'eorí—ac' arí ro ní duarçac' a coróçe—
 Marí an corpe 'm-biðeann Țear çaille, fairçad' arí, Țo caorðamail
 Țur maib an Țean-deoc ro 'Ț a çarçainȚ ran oróçe
 Ac' ní lairçe a b'riȚ ra fe çéac' Țo neam-ðlirçamail.

DRINK OF THIS CUP.

AIR—Paddy O'Rafferty.

I.

Drink of this cup: you'll find there's a spell in
 Its every drop 'gainst the ills of mortality—
 Talk of the cordial that sparkled for Helen,
 Her cup was a fiction, but this is reality.
 Would you forget the dark world we are in,
 Only taste of the bubble that gleams on the top of it;
 But would you rise above earth, till akin
 To immortals themselves, you must drain every drop of it.
 Send round the cup; for, oh! there's a spell in
 Its every drop 'gainst the ills of mortality.
 Talk of the cordial that sparkled for Helen,
 Her cup was a fiction, but this is reality.

II.

Never was philter form'd with such power
 To charm and bewilder as this we are quaffing;
 Its magic began when, in Autumn's rich hour,
 As a harvest of gold in the fields it stood laughing.
 There having, by nature's enchantment, been fill'd
 With the balm and the bloom of her kindest weather,
 This wonderful juice from its core was distill'd,
 To enliven such hearts as are here brought together!
 Then drink of the cup: you'll find there's a spell in
 Its every drop 'gainst the ills of mortality.
 Talk of the cordial that sparkled for Helen,
 Her cup was a fiction, but this is reality.

III.

And though, perhaps—but breathe it to no one—
 Like the caldron the witch brews at midnight so awful,
 In secret this philter was first taught to flow on,
 Yet 't is n't less potent for being unlawful.

Na c'uma, c'ró fanann ari f'ór, f'ui'gilleac' balaó
 An' deatai'g' o'n' la'ra'ri' 't'us' a' b'ri'g' 'ma'c' go' ballac'
 Cui'ri' an' o'm'í'c'oda' nea'm'-'c'ea'da'm'a'il' 'ra' r'gála' tá' fa'la'm'
 B'éa'ra'ra'o' r'ua'ra'ca'ra' a'ra' c'ri'o'i'ó't'e' tá' a'n'n't'a' fa'o'i' fa'la'c'.
 A'ra' an' g'-'c'ua'c' ma'ri' r'in' ó'l, ó'ri' b'éa'ra'ra'o' tu' o'm'a'o'
 N'í'o'ra' a'ra' g'ac' d'eo'ra' d'é, 'n'n' a'g'á'i'ó' a'i'c'i'o' a'ra' eu'rlán'
 Na' t'ra'c't' a'ri' an' g'ean-'d'eo'c' b'i' a'ig' E'i'l'in, ma'ri' c'a'ra'o',
 N'i' r'ia'ib' an' c'ua'c' r'in' a'c't' r'an-'r'g'e'u'l, r'o' an' r'gála' 'b'-'f'u'il' c'ial' ann.

Ο! ΝΑ ΤΑΤΟΥΙΣ CUM FLEITE.

ρονν—plancetai tarbain.

I.

O' na' b'i' tu'c'uz'a'ó' c'um' f'leite' na' lann'
 'N' a' g'-'c'ru'inn'i'g'eann' an' t-'ó'g' 'g'ur' lu'c't' na' ba'oi'r'
 A'c't' ta'ri' liom' f'e'm' 'r' g'ab'ra'ri' c'ri'on-'b'la't' ann,
 'O' f'o'i'ra' a'ra' n'í'o'ra' f'e'a'ri' d'o' d'o' b'ri'on' 'r' d'o' d' a'oi'r'.
 'G'ur' g'ab'ra'm' a'ri' n-'d'o'c'an' d'eo'ra' t'eo'
 'G'ur' ó'l'ra'm' 'n'n' a'ri' d-'to'ra't, a'ra' c'ua'c' fa'o'i' c'o'm'a'ri'
 A'ri' n-'a'oi'ó'e'—t'a'í'r' ama' c'ua'í'ó' c'a'ra't' go' d'eo,
 'G'ur' a'ri' r'lá'inte' go' r'f'u'il'ib' a' tá' fa'o'i' 'n' ú'ri.

II.

T'ra' 'n' canna'c' a' b'e'í't' go' t'iu'g' a' r'g'e'í't'e'a'ó'
 'N' a'ri' d-'t'i'm'c'io'll, d'u'illeo'za' c'ri'on' ó'n' g'e'uz;
 'D'o' g'e'al'ta'ib' fan', b'e'í'ó' c'ua'c' fa' l'e'í't',
 'D'o' c'a'í'ra'e' ca'í'l't'e, d' a'c'ri'ui'g' 'g'ur' d' eu'g':
 No, d'o' 'n' la'b'ra'l' a'ig' r'g'a'ra'ó' a' c'ra'ob'
 O'ra' c'ionn' na' h-'á'í't'e' d'u'í'b'e, ma'ri' r'g'á't';
 'D'o' na' h-'ua'í'm'ib' ó'l'ra'm' tá' l'e' n-'a' t'a'ob'
 'b'-'f'u'il' g'a'ra'c'í'g' 'n'n' a' l'u'í'ó'e' g'an' c'liu, g'an' b'la't'.

What though it may taste of the smoke of that flame,
 Which in silence extracted its virtues forbidden,
 Fill up! there 's a fire in some hearts I could name,
 Which may work too its charm, though now lawless and hidden.
 So drink of the cup! for, oh! there 's a spell in
 Its every drop 'gainst the ills of mortality.
 Talk of the cordial that sparkled for Helen,
 Her cup was a fiction, but this is reality.

OH! BANQUET NOT.

AIR—*Planxty Irwine.*

I.

Oh! banquet not in those shining bowers,
 Where youth resorts; but come to me,
 For mine 's a garden of faded flowers,
 More fit for sorrow, for age, and thee.
 And there we shall have our feast of tears,
 And many a cup in silence pour—
 Our guests, the shades of former years,
 Our toasts, to lips that bloom no more.

II.

Then, while the myrtle's withering boughs
 Their lifeless leaves around us shed,
 We 'll brim the bowl to broken vows,
 To friends long lost, the chang'd, the dead.
 Or, as some blighted laurel waves
 Its branches o'er the dreary spot,
 We 'll drink to those neglected graves
 Where valour sleeps, unnamed, forgot.

'm-beiró an clarsac zhan ceol.

Fonn—Caoine míc Parlaim.

I

'm-beiró an clarsac zhan ceol, 'zsur an ceuo fear tuz cliú,
 O' ar o-tíri 'noir uainn tógta, ó 'n t-raozal ro zo oeo,
 m-beiró mílío na h-Eiricann, ar an uainn zhan don lué,
 b-fuil ann fear toiriz 'r oéiz'nis o' a carair neam beo.

II.

Ní beiró, 'r ciró zsur fann fuaim an ceoil ó n-a beul
 Ciró a éruir a beiré baiéte faoi ceo, mar a éruiré,
 béarparó fuazraó 'n óiaiz rin, lóir oubacan na neul
 Tá ar Eirinn, zsur lonrac an réult a éuaró faoi.

III.

Zac ceozraó 'zsur cáilíreacé le 'z-cuirtear báir
 Maire ar óaoine, ann ar aigne úo bí curinn,
 Raib' ámar 'nn ar meaz féin, 'nna comhúiró ann ar lár,
 'Zsur caozraó 'nna óiaiz rin, ríol adaim zhan poir.

IV.

Cia fe zráóuiréar éire, no óearcar an me,
 Tíro a rtaire lom', bána, aiz eirizé zhan ceo.
 Mar ólogtéac' ra b-parac, an áit a b-fuil re
 'S an glóir tá 'nna éimcioll, le feircint zo oeo.

V.

Don ball amain dealuizéte le lannair móir-cáil,
 O oubacan 'r ó buile na z-cian bí zhan céim.
 'Nuair a o'Eiriz' 'r a rpreaz le n-a zaeéte, Inir-páil
 'S tuz éar teozan na rglabacé, cum raoirre áro-léim.

SHALL THE HARP THEN BE SILENT?

AIR—MacFarlan's Lament.

I.

Shall the Harp then be silent when he who first gave
 To our country a name, is withdrawn from all eyes?
 Shall a minstrel of Erin stand mute by the grave
 Where the first—where the last of the Patriots lies?

II.

No! faint tho' the death-song may fall from his lips,
 Tho' his harp, like his soul, may with shadows be crost,
 Yet, yet shall it sound, 'mid a nation's eclipse,
 And proclaim to the world what a star hath been lost.

III.

What a union of all affections and powers,
 By which life is exalted, embellish'd, refin'd,
 Was embrac'd in that spirit, whose centre was ours,
 While its mighty circumference circled mankind.

IV.

Oh! who that loves Erin, or who that can see,
 Through the waste of her annals, that epoch sublime,
 Like a pyramid rais'd in the desert, where he
 And his glory stand out to the eyes of all time.

V.

That one lucid interval, snatch'd from the gloom
 And the madness of ages, when, filled with his soul,
 A nation o'erleap'd the dark bounds of her doom,
 And, for one sacred instant, touch'd Liberty's goal!

VI.

Cia an neac a d' éirteig a maí le n-aíut
 'Sur fóir éoir le lán-tuile 'bheicte a éairt,
 Raib ríor-éobair Eireann a m'c éirío 'n na ríut
 'S a folruíad 'm'oir-fairnaíct 'sur fóir a m'oir-neairt.

VII.

Buan-éaint teac le fána gan failleoir mar átan
 A taoríad air a tuille ciall doimín an éiríde,
 'S a tarraint éire rcaítan a éonna m'oir-lán
 Deallíad 'sur cuair-éirí na rcaíde bí faoi.

VIII.

Cia éadóiríad íre deallícté ó éruinnícté, maí,
 Air a téallac air b' air leir gnáí-comnuícté ann,
 'Meairí ciana 'b'ion Eire 'r air ludaí gnáí cmaí,
 Amáil claonmair le geir-fleairí do éur air a éann.

IX.

Teallac do beir éur air g-cuinné, an fear
 Do éirí de a gaeícté 'r air a leanb do blaícté,
 Druíom leir gan rcaíad, no eagla, éo gar,
 A falac a beir méim leir, no treícté beir gnaoi.

X.

Cia an neac do bí deairíad air buan-éairt an meul
 Éirí molaí, no oílbeim, nac b-facaí do ríor,
 B'íad rcaícté le glóire, no fáluícté faoi neul,
 Sé áruícté or cionn a éo-ama do ríor.

XI.

Cia an cuinnícté de beura beir maire d' air m-bíó?
 Air-éim bídear ion-molta, 'sur cumán bídear ráim,
 'S a fámuil le cumáct a' r neam-ganíad a éiríde,
 An leanb 'r an éair-rplanca toirne 'nn a láim,

VI.

Who, that ever hath heard him, hath drunk at the source
 Of that wonderful eloquence, all Erin's own,
 In whose high-thoughted daring, the fire, and the force,
 And the yet untam'd spring of his spirit, are shown.

VII.

An eloquence rich, wheresoever its wave
 Wander'd free and triumphant with thoughts that shone through,
 As clear as the brook's "stone of lustre", and gave,
 With flash of the gem, its solidity too.

VIII.

Who that ever approach'd him, when free from the crowd,
 In a home full of love, he delighted to tread,
 'Mong the trees which a nation had giv'n, and which bow'd
 As if each brought a new civic crown for his head.

IX.

That home, where, like him who, as fable hath told,
 Put rays from his brow, that his child might come near,
 Every glory forgot, the most wise of the old
 Became all that the simplest and youngest hold dear.

X.

Is there one who hath thus, through his orbit of life,
 At a distance observed him, through glory, through blame,
 In the calm of retreat, in the grandeur of strife,
 Whether shining or clouded, still high and the same.

XI.

Such a union of all that enriches life's hour—
 Of the sweetness we love, of the greatness we praise—
 As that type of simplicity blended with power,
 A child with a thunder-bolt only pourtrays.

XII.

Níl aon éiríde do ceathrúig íe nac b-fuil, faoi cúma,
 Fa gur ealúig ann aonaót le n-a glóir uaimh, an faoi,
 'S nac ngulríó aih a tuama tá tógta ó'n uaimh,
 b-fuil rgaré na b-feah eagna 'gur tneanmáir', 'nna luige.

O! 'n T-AMARC TÓIGFAD CROIDE.

ronn—plancraí suolóró.

I.

O! 'n t-amarc tóigfad croide,
 An meul moé éirí an oirde
 Lafad clozaró 'r lann
 Na Sluaḡta teann,
 'Gur eiríó 'mnc 'r na ḡaota
 Oih tá tneun croidece léimnuḡad,
 'S gur adairc an caé ' aig ḡeimnuḡad,
 Le fuaim an ḡleo
 Do beairfad crio,
 Gan teirad coirde ó 'n oheimne
 O! an t-amarc tóigfad croide,
 An meul moé éirí an oirde
 Lafad clozaró 'r lann
 Na Sluaḡta teann.
 'Gur eiríó 'mnc 'r na ḡaota

II.

Níl a ḡ-clozaró, no 'nn eiríó aon bhuḡ,
 Fiarrúig tu de 'o dian-ruḡ,
 b-fuil, mearḡ na réim',
 Tá faoi n-a céim,
 Toga rih mar ruo aih aon éiríde,
 Fás, aig luét tá pantuḡad móir-cuir,

XII.

Oh! no; not a heart that e'er knew him but mourns
 Deep, deep o'er the grave, where such glory is shrin'd,
 O'er a monument Fame will preserve 'mong the urns
 Of the wisest, the bravest, the best of mankind.

OH! THE SIGHT ENTRANCING.

AIR—Planxty Sudley.

I.

Oh! the sight entrancing,
 When morning's beam is glancing
 O'er files array'd
 With helm and blade.
 And plumes in the gay wind dancing!
 When hearts are all high beating,
 And the trumpet's voice repeating
 That song whose breath
 May lead to death,
 But never to retreating!
 Oh! the sight entrancing,
 When morning's beam is glancing
 O'er files array'd
 With helm and blade,
 And plumes in the gay wind dancing!

II.

Yes, 't is not helm nor feather—
 For ask yon despot whether
 His plumèd bands
 Could bring such hands
 And hearts as ours together.
 Leave pomps to those who need 'em—

Bíodasó rasoire aig fear mar leor-tuair
 'S ní'l triail gan bhuí,
 Tá rnam 'n eir miz
 Nac n-ionnrocharo re le fóir-ghuir.
 Téirdeann zeur-lann' na buairó,
 Tíro clozairó 'r ballairó cuairó.
 Cum rasoire ní'l bhuí,
 Mar conzial choirde
 A móir-neairt cliaib' nna luirde.
 O! 'n t-aimairc tóirzraó choirde
 An meul moó éirio an oirde,
 Lapaó clozairó 'r lann'
 Na Sluaigíte teann,
 'Sur eirio munc 'ran zaoó.

'Éaoimh Innis Fáilín.

Fonn—An t-óg fear Ceannra.

I

'Éaoimh Innis Fáilín! bí tu rlan
 Bíodasó oir zrian-leur aóur ríe,
 'Do deire luaó, 'do éig le lán,
 Aóó ó, a mótuzaó, 'r le mo éirio.

II.

Slán, éaoimh Innis Fáilín, bí
 'S bíodasó an leur 'do éimcioll buan,
 'Óo raim a' éir le teaóó na h-oirde
 Ar deairc me 'i o' inr'-rióe, 'sur cuan.

III.

Bí tu mo bheáó aig neacó 'ran am
 Ar oual 'do aircui anhr a' t-rlióe
 Le ziamairc riubal éir bealairó cam'
 'Do o' fáóail aonrac, fearoa, coirde.

Adorn but Man with freedom,
 And proud he braves
 The gaudiest slaves
 That crawl where monarchs lead 'em.
 The sword may pierce the beaver,
 Stone walls in time may sever :
 'T is heart alone,
 Worth steel and stone,
 That keeps men free for ever !
 Oh ! the sight entrancing,
 When morning's beam is glancing
 O'er files array'd
 With helm and blade,
 And in Freedom's cause advancing

SWEET INNISFALLEN.

AIR—*The Captivating Youth.*

I.

Sweet Innisfallen, fare thee well,
 May calm and sunshine long be thine !
 How fair thou art let others tell,
 While but to feel how fair is mine.

II.

Sweet Innisfallen, fare thee well,
 And long may light around thee smile,
 As soft as on that evening fell,
 When first I saw thy fairy isle !

III.

Thou wert too lovely then for one,
 Who had to turn to paths of care—
 Who had through vulgar crowds to run,
 And leave thee bright and silent there ;

IV.

Ξαν έθαότ νίογ μό λε αιγ 'οο ήριυέ,
 Ό'α βοζαό αιη μίυη αν τ-ραοζαίλ ζαν τάμ,
 Όεαρεαό έπιό αιρλιν οητ 'ρα' m-βριυέ.
 Μαη βαίλε 'b-φυίλ α λεαé ραοι ήλαμ.

V.

'S ρεάηη ο' ήάζαίλ μάη τά με 'ρα τηά,
 Α b-φυίλ οητ ηζαηέα εαοαίζ ουβ'
 Να neul, μαη ήαιζοεαν ανη α blaé,
 Α m-βιόεανη ραοι βήόν α ζηε 'ρ α criυέ.

VI.

Οηη ció ο' ionnan ηί'λ λε ήάζαίλ
 Α ηζειή, ηί αήαίλ έύ μαη βί;
 'S μαη αίτ έυ, ράλλυιζέτε 'νοηρ λε ηζαίλ,
 'η 'οο τοηόαό ηεαé, βειόεαό τυηηαé, ηζιέ.

VII.

'Ηνα ο' τοηόαό ηζιέ ' ζεαβραό ανη,
 Smuro μαη βί 'b-παηηέαρ αιη αν λά
 Ραίβ cianna ciom, μαη τά ζαé ciann
 Αη λεατ, ραοι όεοηα 'ζυη ραοι ηζάé

VIII.

Α ζυλ, ηο ημίζεαό ηηηη βηεάζ!
 'S ροη νίοη βηεαζα λάη 'οεοηα 'ρ neul,
 Τυ βειé ραοι ημίζ ció 'ρ αναή αν τηά,
 Βιόεανη ρι λοηηαé, μαη ηεαή-ηευλ.

IX.

Μαη ήιαó λε 'η αναή ηιαη' α m-βιόεανη,
 Α ραηυζαό τηα 'οο έιζ, ο ζ-cioióe;
 Αν ζαé ηη λοηηαίζε έειζ αν ζήμαη,
 Λε ταοβ 'οο λόciam, τά ζαν βηιζ.

IV.

No more along thy shores to come,
But, on the world's dim ocean tost,
Dream of thee sometimes, as a home
Of sunshine he had seen and lost!

V.

Far better in thy weeping hours,
To part from thee, as I do now,
When mist is o'er thy blooming bow'rs,
Like sorrow's veil on beauty's brow.

VI.

For, though unrivall'd still thy grace,
Thou dost not look, as then, too blest,
But, in thy shadows, seem'st a place
Where weary man might hope to rest—

VII.

Might hope to rest, and find in thee
A gloom like Eden's, on the day
He left its shade, when every tree,
Like thee, hung weeping o'er his way!

VIII.

Weeping or smiling, lovely isle!
And still the lovelier for thy tears—
For tho' but rare thy sunny smile,
'T is Heav'n's own glance, when it appears.

IX.

Like feeling hearts, whose joys are few,
But, when indeed they come, divine,
The steadiest light the sun e'er threw
Is lifeless to one gleam of thine.

buò aon òe na h-aislin'.

fonn—abran na 5-Coilte.

I.

Buò aon òe na h-aislin' beiri ceol leir 'ra n-oiòce
 Ma ri plaim eathrom ramharò òul tpearna tar cporòe
 An file bìòear báitte le moim-mheamair a 5-ceo,
 'S an raozal aót a mílpeaót uairò ealuisíte go òeo.

II.

Si an aill áine 'rnam cuige tpearna ó 'n toinn,
 Le 'ri gnaótac òo beit canaò cpeac' Eipeann go binn;
 'S ó innir 5lar Òinir go cuan 5lean' na 5-craob,
 Bì gaete an 5eur-aóairic '5 a r5apaò air 5ac taoò.

III.

ò'Eirt co'ao 'r bì an la5-5uaim a òon5bu5aò le r5it,
 Or cionn na h-aro neròe, 'raib an t-iolari 'nn a luiròe,
 'S le eagla go n-eagpaò an r5-òeol, òo 5áir
 Binn-òeol an mac-ala,—a tabairt air, fáir.

IV.

Òo raoilpaò 5ac fan-5uaim nari b' feroiri le cluar,
 Òo cluinrtaíl go h-íriol beit '5 a ouraót 5uar,
 Air barruib na rliabta,—neam áirio na m-beann,
 Raib an ceol ò' euz air talam 5' a aót-beoóacan ann.

V.

Na tóiz air, 'r re aiz éirteaót le ceolta binn' buan',
 Tuz ò' a ainm bhu5 áirio le n-a òpoinc ó 5uan
 'S ó íorotáót an báir;—ò a 5-cluinrpaò r5iz beo,
 'Ma ri 5uo air mac alla béairfari ò' ainm go òeo.

'T WAS ONE OF THOSE DREAMS.

AIR—The Song of the Woods.

I.

'T was one of those dreams that by music are brought,
Like a bright summer haze, o'er the poet's warm thought—
When, lost in the future, his soul wanders on,
And all of this life, but its sweetness, is gone.

II.

The wild notes he heard o'er the water were those
He had taught to sing Erin's dark bondage and woes,
And the breath of the bugle now wafted them o'er
From Dinis' green isle to Glena's wooded shore.

III.

He listen'd—while high o'er the eagle's rude nest,
The lingering sounds on their way lov'd to rest;
And the echoes sung back from their full mountain quire,
As if loath to let song so enchanting expire.

IV.

It seem'd as if ev'ry sweet note, that died here,
Was again brought to life in some airier sphere,
Some heav'n in those hills, where the soul of the strain
That had ceas'd upon earth was awaking again.

V.

Oh! forgive, if, while list'ning to music, whose breath
Seem'd to circle his name with a charm against death,
He should feel a proud spirit within him proclaim,
“ Even so shalt thou live in the echoes of Fame:

VI.

Maí fuo da m-beiðeasó báite 'noir o' ainm faoi rǵáil,
 Buirfaó amac ann am triátaíail, ó 'n rmuio oub do cáil,
 'S tríó cianta fao ama, béio o' abiam 'r do éuasó,
 Le cpioíte 'r sué Eiheann 's a s-canaó 'r 's a luaó.

ABRAN INNISE FÁIL.

fonn—pegro bán.

I.

Do éaimic ó éiúic taob éál de'n b-ppáig,
 'Sur tríó an múir íari zo beo,
 Sǵaol a s-cuio feolta breáǵ ó 'n triáig
 Cum talmán na Spáine teo.
 'O' cá b-fuil an Innir,—cpioc ar plíge
 Do facar dúinn a o-táin
 Do feinn ari maoin tria bí cóim-ǵaoé
 'S a feolaó éuro an t-rián

II.

Azur feuc b-fao uainn ari bairi na o-tonn
 b-fuil lóćian foilreadǵ lar,
 Aíail 'r da m-beiðeasó rínte faoi na m-bunn
 Smeapóǵa foilread' deap'
 Sí Innir Fáil; rí Innir Fáil!
 'Seinneasó ó 'n múir zo binn,
 A s-comnuigean an faoi 'r an trieun réir cáil'
 Fpeasao arí r ó 'n toinn.

III.

'Noir o' iompuiǵ cum na foim-múir feapic
 Raib moǵ a n-Dé an lae
 Teilgean zo sruanmáir ari a óeapic
 'Sgeit ari aer 'r ari uirǵ' a íae.

VI.

“ Even so, tho’ thy mem’ry should now die away,
 “ ’T will be caught up again in some happier day,
 “ And the hearts and the voices of Erin prolong,
 “ Through the answering future, thy name and thy song”.

SONG OF INNISFAIL.

AIR—*Peggy Bawn.*

I.

They came from a land beyond the sea,
 And now o’er the western main
 Set sail, in their good ships, gallantly,
 From the sunny land of Spain.
 “ Oh! where ’s the Isle we ’ve seen in dreams,
 “ Our destin’d home or grave?”
 Thus sung they, as by the morning beams,
 They swept th’ Atlantic wave.

II.

And, lo, where afar o’er ocean shines
 A sparkle of radiant green,
 As though in that deep lay emerald mines,
 Whose light thro’ the wave was seen.
 “ ’T is Innisfail! “ ’t is Innisfail!”
 Rings o’er the echoing sea;
 While, bending to heav’n, the warriors hail
 That home of the brave and free.

III.

Then turn’d they unto the Eastern wave,
 Where now their Day-God’s eye
 A look of such sunny omen gave
 As lighted up sea and sky.

Δέτ ní μαιβ̄ δον δέοι δει δουλ' nó δει φόο
 Nó, δει μ̄ουη, nó δει δει δον ρζάιλ
 Τριά τόιζ δει ρινρεδ̄ι 'nuar an ρέοο
 Δει éuan na h-Innre ράιλ.

CIÓ ZUR TAIR LIOM AN FLEIÓ.

ronn—slán leat eamoin.

I

Ció zur táir liom an fleiό, ρuarair cuirpad̄ a ρρεαρταίλ,
 Zab̄rai ρόζα ' b̄-fuil aiz boip̄o boct̄ le cur̄ δει an ζ-clair
 Beió ρuilíό ζεal', lon̄iad̄ 'oo o' ρailtuζad̄ le ζεαρταίλ
 Δzur ζiollact̄ an éumain δει an b̄-fleiό 'cur̄ báiri.

II.

Ir̄ réir̄ coram̄ail zur̄ euluis̄ níζ an τ-ραοζail ρo ó éallac̄
 An te úo o'a éuzair̄ μoinn̄ mói de oo ζ̄nai
 Zab̄rai tabar̄itair̄ ir̄ aille nó táinte ζo ballac̄
 A ρoilriuzad̄ a éoir-céim̄ a ρubal̄ ann̄r an τ-ρλιζε.

III.

Le ρaοiire na h-intine naé ρeoir̄i a éarad̄
 Le táir̄-ceannar̄ t̄reun̄ bit̄, ó oíre'ar̄ na ρλιζε
 Bróear̄ ζan̄ cuir̄biuz̄ δει ειτιoll̄, 'zur̄ aizne ρaοi lapaó
 Le oóiz̄ 'ζ ion̄p̄uróe 'n loérain̄ a ρ̄antuis̄ a ép̄oiróe.

IV.

Ir̄ ρo iao a beirear̄ o' a beata a oílre
 Δzur̄ leir̄, ció ζo b̄-fuil a éirte μo-ζann̄
 Bróeann̄ ρaοi-ζaeete a ζ̄air̄ióa ζo mói-μóι níor̄ m̄ilre
 'Na an túir̄ teap̄ic̄ m̄-bróeann̄ uab̄ar̄ aiz ρázail̄ tait̄neam̄ ann̄.

V.

Ταρμαió δ'ρ̄ ma 'r̄ ρeoir̄i le fleiό boct̄ an ρile
 Oo éar̄man̄z̄t̄ ó móiρoact̄, ζeab̄rai, ní ρe an oioζa,
 Δzur̄ clump̄éar̄ na b̄inn-éoilte beap̄far̄ ouit̄ bile
 Mo mná ρeap̄ic̄ aiz ρ̄m̄izead̄ aiz teact̄ le mo éaob̄.

Nor frown was seen through sky or sea,
 Nor tear o'er leaf or sod,
 When first on their Isle of Destiny
 Our great forefathers trod.

THOUGH HUMBLE THE BANQUET.

AIR—*Farewell, Eamon.*

I.

Though humble the banquet to which I invite thee,
 Thou 'lt find there the best a poor bard can command:
 Eyes beaming with welcome shall throng round to light thee,
 And Love serve the feast with his own willing hand.

II.

And tho' Fortune may seem to have turn'd from the dwelling
 Of him thou regardest, her favouring ray,
 Thou wilt find there a gift all her treasures excelling,
 Which, proudly he feels, hath ennobled his way.

III.

'T is that freedom of mind, which no vulgar dominion
 Can turn from the path a clear conscience approves;
 Which, with hope in the heart and no chain on the pinion,
 Holds upward its course to the light which it loves.

IV.

'T is this makes the pride of his humble retreat,
 And, with this, tho' of all other treasures bereav'd,
 The breeze of his garden to him is more sweet
 Than the costliest incense Pomp e'er receiv'd.

V.

Then, come: if a board so untempting hath power
 To win thee from grandeur, its best shall be thine;
 And there 's one, long the light of the bard's happy bower,
 Who, smiling, will blend her bright welcome with mine

'S nac b-*fa*gmuir ó *cuinnu*gáó *mar so* *ciútu*gáó *lán*.

ronn—níl ríor air.

I.

'S nac b-*fa*gmuir ó *cuinnu*gáó *mar so* *ciútu*gáó *lán*
Air ron na m-*bliad*anta *meaf*g *cois*ruí' *so* *bí*
 'S *cair*o *aim*ruie na *h-óige* ó'í *eul*uigear *le* *fán*,
 Mo *éim*éioil éo *rua*hic a'í *bí* 'n *ua*ir *rim* a *g*-*cu*ioíde.
*Ci*ó *foill*uigean *air* *mal*aíó *lois*g *rnea*cta na *h-ao*iré
Mar na *h-ál*pa *air* a *rinea*nn *oul* *ríor* *óí* *an* *g*ruan
 A *g*aece: *beir*omuir *euv*uig' *le* *ó*g-*ríor*' na *ba*oiré
*Trí*á *rim*n a *beir* *la*rta *ran* *b*-*fl*eiró *so* *le* *ríon*.

II.

Nac *mo*tu*g*amail na *cui*mnió *tis* *o*riainn *le* *Linn*,
Air *g*-*cair*oé *rí*r *feir*rint, 'ra *'beir* *rí*r *eir*tea^{ct} a *n*-*g*u^{ct}!
 'S *g*ac *b*rión, a'í *g*ac *g*air^oear *ann* a *raib* *aca* *rioinn*
 A *cuinnu*gáó *mar* *tair*b *an* *lae* *n*ae *go* *tiú*g.
Mar *leit*riéac' *nea*m-*leu*rigac' *so* *léi*g^{tear} 'ra *trí*ac
M-*brí*eann na *oilleos*' *air* *a*gáiró' na *la*rriac' *teo*
Ir *iom*óá *mo*tu^gáó *ná*ri *cu*io^{ct}nui^geaó *beir* *té*agáir a'í *g*riáó
*fl*eaó *teir*griac' *mar* *so* 'ma^{ct} *go* *foil*rea^{ct} a'í *go* *beo*.

III.

Mar *so* *trí*ac' *o*uinn *rí*neaó *air* *feol*ta *go* *cui*mnea^{ct}
Cum *á*riair *air* *n-óige* *ti*uó *i*nuir *buar*ta *air* *m*-*b*ic
 'O *éir*omuir *aig* *b*rea^{ct}nu^gáó *ti*uó na *ton*ta *go* *raim*nea^{ct}
*M*órian *o*oig^{cte} *luin*g-*b*uirte *ríor* *rinte* 'na *luir*é.
*Ac*t *fór* *le* *linn* *dear*caó *air* *deir*e na *m*-*bla*ct.
*S*geit *r*geim' *á*luin' *g*airi^oa *ti*uó *iom*lan *an* *éu*ain
*brí*eann *fea*ó *g*earr *aim*ruie *air* *g*-*ceur*faró' *raoi* *r*gáct
 'S *tis* *aoib*hir na *h-óige* *é*uó *air*lin *air* *ruain*.

AND DOTH NOT A MEETING LIKE THIS.

AIR—*Unknown.*

I.

And doth not a meeting like this make amends
 For all the long years I 've been wand'ring away—
 To see thus around me my youth's early friends,
 As smiling and kind as in that happy day?
 Tho' haply o'er some of your brows, as o'er mine,
 The snow-fall of life may be stealing—what then?
 Like Alps in the sunset, thus lighted by wine,
 We 'll wear the gay tint of youth's roses again.

II.

What soften'd remembrances come o'er the heart
 In gazing on those we 've been lost to so long!
 The sorrows, the joys, of which once they were part,
 Still round them, like visions of yesterday, throng.
 As letters some hand hath invisibly trac'd,
 When held to the flame, will steal out on the sight,
 So many a feeling, that long seem'd effac'd,
 The warmth of a moment like this brings to light.

III.

And thus, as in memory's bark we shall glide
 To visit the scenes of our boyhood anew,
 Though oft' we may see, looking down on the tide,
 The wreck of full many a hope shining through;
 Yet still, as in fancy we point to the flow'rs,
 That once made a garden of all the gay shore,
 Deceiv'd for a moment, we 'll think them still ours,
 And breathe the fresh air of life's morning once more.

IV.

Tá an raogal ro éo neamh-buan 'rapi n-am ann éo gearri
 Naé b-rağam' ari ari ɣ-caiɣe aét laɣ-leup neamh-ɣiunn,
 'ɣur 'r iomóa rɣait ruiɣicir do éuitear ari lári
 'De oicbáil cɣoiɣe ceanaíal' ɣari uíunn, le n-a ioinn.
 O! níoi míoí ari muiɣin n-eir éiúócnuɣaó ari m-bic
 'Beic reilb ari aoiɣnear ɣan cɣiúó 'ɣur ɣan rɣáil,
 Ni' éét rmiɣ no bɣeic-láime aɣ veic'riɣuɣaó 'ra t-riɣe
 O n-a éeile ran t-raogal ro a n-oán uíunn le rağail.

V.

Aét ir amlaíó, ir mó 'ri b-páilte, 'r ari m-beannaét le linn
 Cuairt anaí an t-riomra aɣ tóɣbail ari ɣ-cɣoiɣe
 Eulɣear tɣiá rearam' a' r tɣ tɣiá bióeam' cɣuinn
 Maí na tear-eunlaíó 'ɣ eicil aɣ an ɣeimíad cɣi raoi.
 'Noir pul óa n-ólam' tuɣaó reaic-cuman ɣeall,
 'Cɣi éaric na cuaiɣe 'r a bɣeic lám' ari láim
 Éo luac 'r ionróéar ɣáiróear no uubíón aon ball
 ɣo ɣ-cɣicéó' leir iomlán an t-rlabíaró le óáim.

TEÍG TRIO AN DOÍMAN 'ɣUS TÓIRIS ɣAC ÓAIL.

Fonn—planceti O'Rağallaiɣ.

I.

Teíɣ ému an doíman 'ɣur tóiris ɣac óail,—
 'S ní b-ɣuic aic éo raori a' r tá aɣ file le fáğail;
 Maí ɣuireós an aeri do ɣeinnear ɣo binn,
 'S maí an ɣuireós a rɣéic ann ɣac áit a iunn,
 ɣiuc ceoil do iútear ɣo ciún ríoi beo
 'S naé tɣiomuicéann a bairi ɣo seo.
 Tá óó-ran an raogal, maí áit comnuíóe riɣe
 'M-biúéann riad a iunc le linn ɣeallaiɣe na h-oióce
 'S ma mílteari an bainreos ari a leağaó a ɣ-céim,
 Cum bainreois' níoi ɣlaira, rúo leo de léim.
 Maí rúo ma éis uubaéan ari riamr' no rɣic
 Cum riamr' eile teiróéann 'ra t-riɣe.

IV.

So brief our existence, a glimpse, at the most,
 Is all we can have of the few we hold dear ;
 And oft' even joy is unheeded and lost,
 For want of some heart, that could echo it, near.
 Ah ! well may we hope, when this short life is gone,
 To meet in some world of more permanent bliss :
 For a smile, or a grasp of the hand, hast'ning on,
 Is all we enjoy of each other in this.

V.

But come ! the more rare such delight to the heart,
 The more we should welcome and bless them the more :
 They 're ours when we meet—they are lost when we part,
 Like birds that bring summer, and fly when 't is o'er.
 Thus circling the cup, hand in hand, ere we drink,
 Let Sympathy pledge us, thro' pleasure, thro' pain,
 That, fast as a feeling but touches one link,
 Her magic shall send it direct thro' the chain

THE WANDERING BARD.

AIR—*Planxty O'Reilly.*

I.

What life like that of the bard can be—
 The wandering bard, who roams as free
 As the mountain lark that o'er him sings,
 And, like that lark, a music brings
 Within him, where'er he comes or goes,—
 A fount that for ever flows ?
 The world 's to him like some play-ground,
 Where fairies dance their moonlight round ;—
 If dimm'd the turf where late they trod,
 The elves but seek some greener sod :
 So, when less bright his scene of glee,
 To another away flies he !

II.

Cia t' éiríodá do 'n deire ir rḡiamámla bláé
 ḡan file 'ḡ a comheo ríoi úr faoi rḡáé,
 Le leup cnuor-éuairt na ḡeallaiḡe, faḡḡar méir Sḡeul,
 Na neite a cailtear ari talam faoi neul.
 Mar rúo n-éir imteáct do 'n maire o'n t-raoḡal
 Aní junn an báirto maireann dé fuigíoll
 Má' r áil leat rmiḡeáó beit tairneamáil, ríoi,
 Tabair do 'n te iao b-fuíl aḡe ḡo ríoi
 Cumar le béim de f'leapḡ na ríḡe,
 A ḡ-conḡbáil ḡa euḡaó n-eir ari m-bié,
 'ḡ a ḡ-cnucaó ḡo lonḡiáé a rpeur na m-bairto
 Oḡ-neulta ríoi-beo 'ḡ ór-áirto.

III.

Fáilte do 'n file ann ḡaé baile o 'a m-biḡeann
 Cíó 'r íomao áit ann a m-bnuortuḡeann a élaon
 Le eirioll neam-éuibneáé aḡe oul ḡan rḡié
 'Noir a' r arí; 'na deḡ rin, re a ḡnaoi,
 Tuirlint ain talam éum ruaircear faḡáil
 Amáil a' r beirear an fleiró ro a' r dáil;
 Ir cuma cia an fao tá an aipoi no an luar
 Ní 'l aḡao áéct óḡ-fuile a lapaó ruar;
 Leup comáiréa mar tá ann ro ḡo léir,
 Aḡur tiocfaió an file a nuar ó 'o rpeur
 Cia 'ri bié ait ann a ḡ-cluinfaió cuireáó oó, ḡáir
 Le ḡriáó, no le ruaircear,—béairfar ari, fáir.

A RUIN CUIR ORT 'SA TRÁÉ.

ronn—Cuma Liom.

I.

A Rúin cuir ort 'ra tráé,
 Na ḡaeéte ro roilneáé' ḡmanmáir'
 'S éar an innir tá ḡlar faoi bláé
 Béairfas éu ḡo élaonmáir,

II.

Oh! what would have been young Beauty's doom,
 Without a bard to fix her bloom?
 They tell us, in the moon's bright round,
 Things lost in this dark world are found:
 So charms, on earth long pass'd and gone,
 In the poet's lay live on.—
 Would ye have smiles that ne'er grow dim?
 You've only to give them all to him,
 Who, with but a touch of Fancy's wand,
 Can lend them life, this life beyond,
 And fix them high, in Poesy's sky,—
 Young stars that never die!

III.

Then, welcome the bard where'er he comes;
 For, though he hath countless airy homes,
 To which his wing excursive roves,
 Yet still, from time to time, he loves
 To light upon earth, and find such cheer
 As brightens our banquet here.
 No matter how far, how fleet he flies,
 You've only to light up kind young eyes,
 Such signal-fires as here ure given,—
 And down he'll drop from Fancy's heaven,
 The minute such call to love or mirth
 Proclaims he's wanting on earth!

FAIREST! PUT ON AWHILE.

AIR—*Cuma liom.*

I.

Fairest! put on awhile
 These pinions of light I bring thee,
 And o'er thy own Green Isle
 In fancy let me wing thee.

Sgíac̃a Am̃el zo f̃ór a m̃am̃
 Láir r̃gáil luir̃de-lae níoir r̃ínead̃'
 Air̃ é̃m̃ic̃ é̃o deap̃ air̃ g̃ac̃ taob̃
 'S le aic̃ioir̃ 'o é̃m̃oide 's a líonaó.

II.

Maḡa 'm-biḡean earriac̃ zo 'deo
 'Fuipeac̃t zo 'deo neam̃-r̃gac̃m̃air̃
 Le g̃aeḡe na g̃meine teo
 Gan r̃gíac̃ ac̃t a 'deora blaḡm̃air̃'
 Meap̃g̃ c̃maoḡa muir̃c̃il áir̃o-é̃m̃aig̃'
 Zo tesonn 'r̃ zo baḡm̃ac̃ r̃uir̃ḡe
 Mar̃ m̃ialaíó laoiḡ neam̃-laḡ
 Raib̃ oir̃ra c̃maoḡ g̃m̃áó' r̃iḡḡe.

III.

Innre é̃o h-úir̃ gan r̃gíḡ
 Naḡ m̃aib̃ eun a m̃am̃ naḡ rear̃faó
 Aig̃ eir̃ioil̃ 'o 'ra t-r̃liḡe
 'Cum cuair̃t aig̃ḡa, 'nuap̃ naḡ g̃-carp̃aó
 Suo r̃am̃ail a óig̃ an 'deaḡ-deil̃b̃
 'b̃-fuil̃ é̃o meur̃ḡa a n-deap̃caó
 Zo o-tuir̃liḡeann g̃ean neim̃e r̃áḡail r̃eil̃b̃
 Air̃ reoioe meap̃g̃ m̃na, é̃o teap̃ca.

IV.

Loḡa a m-biḡeann neam̃naio 'ra linn
 'S cláire le reoioe líonm̃air̃,
 Co g̃eal leir̃ na deora c̃ruinn
 'Do é̃ig̃ ó 'o r̃iúlib̃ g̃m̃anm̃air̃'.
 'S g̃leanḡa a b̃-r̃aḡann anḡta r̃uan
 An m̃uir̃i ó 'b̃muḡ b̃oir̃b̃-g̃aoiḡe
 'S callaíó beir̃ r̃ar̃g̃aó buan
 'Do 'Seólḡaib̃ r̃aoir̃' Eir̃eann coir̃ḡe.

V.

Coḡaó a'r̃ beir̃deap̃—'r̃ a b̃-fuil̃ deap̃ a'r̃ móir̃
 le aic̃ioir̃ 'o é̃m̃oide 's a líonaó'
 Ma b̃iḡeann cum uail̃' zo leoir̃
 Ar̃ 'o é̃ir̃i r̃éin g̃m̃áóac̃ aig̃ claonaó

Never did Ariel's plume
 At golden sunset hover
 O'er scenes so full of bloom
 As I shall waft thee over.

II.

Fields, where the Spring delays,
 And fearlessly meets the ardour
 Of the warm Summer's gaze,
 With only her tears to guard her.
 Rocks, through myrtle boughs
 In grace majestic frowning;
 Like some bold warrior's brows
 That Love hath just been crowning.

III.

Islets, so freshly fair,
 That never hath bird come nigh them,
 But from his course through air
 He hath been won down by them;
 Types, sweet maid, of thee,
 Whose look, whose blush inviting,
 Never did Love yet see
 From Heav'n, without alighting.

IV.

Lakes, where the pearl lies hid,
 And caves, where the gem is sleeping,
 Bright as the tears thy lid
 Lets fall in lonely weeping.
 Gems, where Ocean comes
 To 'scape the wild winds' rancour,
 And Harbours, worthiest homes
 Where Freedom's fleet can anchor.

V.

Then, if, while scenes so grand,
 So beautiful, shine before thee,
 Pride for thy own dear land
 Should haply be stealing o'er thee,

O! bídeas, ar túr, zeuiri-caoisó'
 Or cionn uabairi zo bíónnairi
 Zui míll lam feari an éiríe
 'Cum Dia na n-óul éo glóimairi.

AIR MAIÐIN AR M-BEATA.

ronn—Rór beas an foimairi.

I.

Airi maíðin air m-beata 'r a bíón for faoi rzác
 'S an riamra 's a foillriugasó zo h-úiri airi rliže
 'Nuairi ir linn féin an raozal atá iomlán faoi blác
 'Sa leup tá 'n-airi o-timcioll tiz rzeite ó 'n z-cioirde.
 Ni znaraimail! feasó, crieo me 'ran am úo vo 'n zriáo,
 Beic mažalta mari 'r oual faoi éuinž céile 'zur doir
 'Oo rmižeo 'r vo muiimžin bheasž zriamairi, re an triác,
 Aéc ir teazariže an cuman n-éir eolužasó vo 'n m-baoir

II.

'Nuairi imžiear žan rilleasó ržait airi n-oiže zo vo
 Mari óilleos 's a reolasó le fána 'ra t-riuč
 'Nuairi blarar airi ržála le riamr' lonriác beo
 Bmaon ve'n cuac eile tá riori fearib, oub.
 Súo, Súo, an t-am a m-bídeann fearic-cuman cioirde
 Foillriugasó oirre nac o-tuižeann riamra zo h-euž
 Zriáo beirtear ar buairieasó, mari an m-buairieasó riori bíó
 'n zriáo a oirtear le tlaéc, ní'l mari tlaéc ann,—aéc brieuž.

III.

A z-cioirib žeal' zriamairi' žiú ir doirbin a m-blác
 Ir laž é an balasó ó n-a zožam, a'r rann
 Sí an rpeuir féin tá ceatác faoi neultairib a'r faoi ržac
 Beiri 'mac a imlreacó zo h-ionlán neamž-gann.
 A'S rundo, feasó lartari na h-anclaonta teo
 Aéc a mbíón, feasó a feictear an cuman tá riori
 Ció ar rmižió é foillriugasó airi o-túr éarila oó
 Ar veoria tariamžtear a mílreacó zo riori.

Oh! let grief come first,
 O'er pride itself victorious,
 Thinking how man hath curst
 What Heaven had made so glorious!

IN THE MORNING OF LIFE.

AIR—*The Little Harvest Rose.*

I

In the morning of life, when its cares are unknown,
 And its pleasures in all their new lustre begin,
 When we live in a bright-beaming world of our own,
 And the light that surrounds us is all from within;
 Oh! 't is not, believe me, in that happy time
 We can love, as in hours of less transport we may:—
 Of our smiles, of our hopes, 't is the gay sunny prime,
 But affection is truest when these fade away.

II.

When we see the first glory of youth pass us by,
 Like a leaf on the stream that will never return;
 When our cup, which had sparkled with pleasure so high,
 First tastes of the *other*, the dark-flowing urn;
 Then, then is the time when affection holds sway
 With a depth and a tenderness joy never knew;
 Love nurs'd among pleasures, is faithless as they,
 But the love born of Sorrow, like Sorrow, is true.

III.

In climes full of sunshine, though splendid the flowers,
 The sighs have no freshness, their odour no worth;
 'T is the cloud and the mist of our own Isle of showers
 That call the rich spirit of fragrancy forth.
 So it is not 'mid splendour, prosperity, mirth,
 That the depth of Love's generous spirit appears;
 To the sunshine of smiles it may first owe its birth,
 But the soul of its sweetness is drawn out by tears.

AS VANQUISH'D ERIN.

AIR—*The Boyne Water.*

I.

As vanquish'd Erin wept beside
The Boyne's ill-fated river,
She saw where Discord, in the tide,
Had dropp'd his loaded quiver.
"Lie hid", she cried, "ye venom'd darts,
"Where mortal eye may shun you.
"Lie hid: the stain of manly hearts
"That bled for me, is on you".

II.

But vain her wish, her weeping vain—
As Time too well hath taught her—
Each year the Fiend returns again,
And dives into that water;
And brings, triumphant, from beneath
His shafts of desolation,
And sends them, wing'd with worse than death,
Through all her madd'ning nation.

III.

Alas for her who sits and mourns,
Ev'n now, beside that river!—
Unwearied still the Fiend returns,
And stor'd is still his quiver.
"When will this end, ye Powers of Good?"
She weeping asks for ever:
But only hears, from out that flood,
The Demon answer, "Never!"

BEIT SIUBAL TRI CRUINNEADÓ LÁN DE CRADÓ.

Fonn—Siúbail a Rúin.

I.

Beit siubal tri cruinneadó lán de cradó
 'S de cúma faoi zui o' euluis an blač
 Szap rúile meangadó 'r ceolta binn
 Air fúo an coráin le n-ai linn
 Súo, Súo, an íoo zo deo
 Beirdear air zac neac o' a b-panpaio beo
 'N-éir euz na z-caiadó cuairó faoi ruan
 'S a ríleadó, 'o-panpaio linn zo buan.

II.

Ciò ta oream óza 'fár zac lá
 Ni úinn tá a rmižeadó 'n-oán pa triác,
 Tá 'teartail uača an lóčman riže,
 Nač b-razčari ačt le zean an čporóe.
 Ca b-puil, ca b-puil an mallaró mín
 No an coiřpaó ceannamail, ceolmar, caoin,
 Ciò táim 'za o-tóimžeadó ann zac váil,
 A loiz, m'l řapaoim! le řážail.

III.

Tá řtuam lučt cumča zan don břiž
 Mar o-tiz leiř úřačt anřř an z-čporóe
 Zac tláit čuz úinn řuile beo
 Tá řapaoim! baičte 'noiř faoi čeo.
 Ni řúra čporóe an te tá čiom
 řaoi uallač aoire a'ř buaiřeaó čiom,
 Le téazaiř řiamř' ařřř a čeižeadó
 No, a čabaiřit air air ó leaba čřeaó

ALONE IN CROWDS TO WANDER ON.

Ann—Siubhal A Rúin.

I.

Alone in crowds to wander on,
 And feel that all the charm is gone
 Which voices dear and eyes belov'd
 Shed round us once, where'er we rov'd—
 This, this the doom must be
 Of all who 've lov'd, and liv'd to see
 The few bright things they thought would stay
 For ever near them, fly away.

II.

Tho' fairer forms around us throng,
 Their smiles to others all belong,
 And want that charm which dwells alone
 Round those the fond heart calls its own.
 Where, where the sunny brow?
 The long-known voice—where are they now?
 Thus ask I still, nor ask in vain,
 The silence answers all too plain.

III.

Oh! what is Fancy's magic worth,
 If all her art cannot call forth
 One bliss like those we felt of old
 From lips now mute, and eyes now cold?
 No, no,—her spell is vain,—
 As soon could she bring back again
 Those eyes themselves from out the grave,
 As wake again one bliss they gave.

IS TRUAÐ ZAN ME A Ó-FOCÁR SRUÍT'.

Fontn—b'feárr liom go m-beiríonn air an z-cnoc úr éall.

I.

Iy truað zan me a b'focár rruít'
 Na loca ciúnniari' b'iónac' oub',
 Ann a o-terídeann aítmuíð ó'n t-raoðal roimí mae
 Ann éiríð' báir, rui' oul rai' 'n z-cné:
 Ann rin' do z'eab'fainn' oioion' r' cuan
 'S a b'rao' ó'n t-raoðal tá mealltaç,—ruan;
 Ni zoi'll'feao' rian;—air' r'iamr' 'r' a çeilz
 Ni çuipinn' feapo' a çoi'òce' reilz.

II.

An t-aei' mar' çill' zan leaçta' bit',
 Fuaim' t'iom na rruít' nac' b'feic'ceari' rai;
 Na' oilleoz' çríoi' ó' bárr' na z-çriánn,
 Moir' çai'b'ró' luar'zan' çari' do çeann;
 So' r'iao, ro' r'iao' 'beir' do' 'n çioi'òe
 Fiof' air' çluan' an t-raoðal' r' 'neam'-b'ruíð,
 'Zur' mar' na rilleoz' le cinn' çiom'
 'Beir' buill' 'na uai'ze' rmuaint'e' t'iom'

III.

An çoineall' roil'feao' ouinn' do' lar,
 Çum' coo'laç' fá'gail' do' çuip'ceari' ar,
 Mar' r'úo' zac' ooi'ze' do' r'p'iað' an çioi'òe
 Çum' ruai'm'ni'f' realb'u'gao' iy' oual' do' çlaoi'ò.
 Iy' ruar', ruar' mo' çioi'òe' do' beir'cear'
 Zan' aítmu'gao' ó' ou'baçan' no' ó' leup'
 Mar' tobar' r'ar'tu'iz'ce' a' r'lab'rai'ò' reao'
 Iompu'iz'cear' a' o-çleiz'ceari' ann, 'nna' leao'

I WISH I WAS BY THAT DIM LAKE.

AIR—*I wish I was on yonder hill.*

I.

I wish I was by that dim lake
Where sinful souls their farewell take
Of this vain world, and half-way lie
In death's cold shadow, ere they die.
There, there, far from thee,
Deceitful world, my home should be;
Where, come what might of gloom and pain,
False hope should ne'er deceive again.

II.

The lifeless sky, the mournful sound
Of unseen waters falling round,
The dry leaves quiv'ring o'er my head,
Like man, unquiet ev'n when dead!
These, ay, these shall wean
My soul from life's deluding scene,
And turn each thought, o'ercharg'd with gloom,
Like willows downward tow'rd's the tomb.

III.

As they who to their couch at night
Would win repose, first quench the light,
So must the hopes that keep this breast
Awake, be quench'd, ere it can rest.
Cold, cold this heart must grow,
Unmov'd by either joy or wo,
Like freezing founts, where all that's thrown
Within their current turns to stone.

ABRAHAIN ROIM LAE AN COGAID.

Fonn—Cruáircin Lán.

I.

Co cinte ar támuro beo
 Béidmuro 'marac anhr an gleo,
 Le beid buadac, no anhr an ár 'n-ar luidhe:
 Tá an mairtin pánuḡad bán
 'ḡur le ríon ar rḡála lán,
 'S ólam' deoc, moim' duinn tmuall anhr an t-rliḡe, anhr an t-rliḡe,
 'S ólam' deoc moim' duinn tmuall anhr an t-rliḡe.

II.

Tá rúilb mhrniḡ móir,
 Bhréann 'mac ḡo minic deor,
 Meamruḡad ar ḡ-cáirde rḡadac a ḡ-cúl
 Aét nac' oimáoin beid rilt bhráon
 Co'ad tá rḡála rḡaroad ríon'
 'S le n-a' deoraid' oibhréam' uainn deor ar rúl, deor ar rúl, etc.

III.

Tá rólur ḡeal an lae,—
 An la' deirionac' r'cap a ḡae
 Air ar leinb a runc ar o-timprioll le rḡḡ:
 A márac moim' an oirde
 Ca m-béidmuro 'r' iad n-ar luidhe?
 Aét nac' cuma!—fartuigró an lann cum an gleo;—cum an gleó, etc.

IV.

Fanao an meuro ta r'acra, raon
 Faoi cumḡ Sacran ar' loclan deann
 Fairéad' ḡmuaraiḡ an teallaiḡ ran t'rác
 Don urna air ron ar o-tiḡ
 'S ḡo neaim' r'uar oiréa ó' oimide
 'S air ron Eiréann' ḡur a clainn' hurrá! hurrá! hurrá!
 'S air ron Eiréann' ḡur a clainn' hurrá!

SONG OF THE BATTLE EVE.

TIME, THE NINTH CENTURY.

AIR—*Cruiskín Lan.*

I.

To-morrow, comrade, we
 On the battle-plain must be,
 There to conquer, or both lie low!
 The morning-star is up,—
 But there 's wine still in the cup,
 And we 'll take another quaff ere we go, boy, go:
 We 'll take another quaff ere we go.

II.

'Tis true, in manliest eyes
 A passing tear will rise,
 When we think of the friends we leave lone;
 But what can wailing do?
 See, our goblet 's weeping too!
 With its tears we 'll chase away our own, boy, our own;
 With its tears we 'll chase away our own.

III.

But daylight 's stealing on;—
 The last that o'er us shone
 Saw our children around us play:
 The next—ah! where shall we
 And those rosy urchins be?
 But—no matter—grasp thy sword, and away, boy, away;
 No matter—grasp thy sword, and away!

IV.

Let those, who brook the chain
 Of Saxon or of Dane,
 Ignobly by their firesides stay;
 One sigh to home be given,
 One heartfelt prayer to heaven,
 Then for Erin and her cause, boy, hurra! hurra! hurra!
 Then for Erin and her cause, hurra!

LEAS AN LANN LE N-A TAOB.

FORM — Da buó tudaé an múir lán.

Leas an lann le n-a taob, — mairb a coingíoll no ríor
 Gan a cupi leir 'ran g-cré ann a b-fuil faoi tam
 Cnearta ann gac am, pul o'ar tuit ó'n lám faoi
 Bi 'báiri iompuiǵte 'r é ari teitead fóp 'n-aǵaró an nam.
 Co-oiǵte le n-a m-beo, teidead cum ruain taob le taob,
 Mar i r cuibe do óir tneunmar' vul cum rǵit,
 An lann íomlán ann a rǵac 'mairb sean aige a maí
 'S é féin buadac 'ran uaiǵ 'nna luióe.

II.

Aót éirt; óir, a ríim beic aig eirteaót le gú
 Teac a níor ó 'n g-cioróe tneun a bi dáimamail le buaró
 Fann fneadairt ari an zeun-griáig do buir mar teann-rpué
 Ari éluair daoirre aig fuadmaó, "buir bui rlabhairó cuairóe":
 Aǵur gáineann ar an uaiǵ ann a g-coolann an luan,
 Cíó tá lá ar o-toirǵ go ríor faoi óeo,
 O! na fadairó a lann, neam-ǵlóimmar faoi fuan
 'S cum buairóe tá for ann, deo.

III.

Da ngabradó ann féin aon coirǵeac gan céim a' gan cliú
 Buaint leat, mo lann féin, rínte ann do rǵac
 Mar cloiróeam omaróeacra faoi feula go vlué,
 No fill go h-uaiǵ do tígeama gan céim le n-a óráó.
 Aót ma fapuiǵeann aon lám tneun-ǵairǵiǵ faoi
 Cleac lann zeal mar tu imirt 'ran g-caé le céim,
 Le blaioó faoirre ligte go luac mar an óoir
 Ar o' éruail bi amuiǵ ari de léim.

LAY HIS SWORD BY HIS SIDE.

AIR—*If the sea were ink.*

I.

Lay his sword by his side, it hath serv'd him too well
 Not to rest near his pillow below ;
 To the last moment true, from his hand ere it fell,
 Its point was still turn'd to a flying foe.
 Fellow-lab'ers in life, let them slumber in death,
 Side by side, as becomes the reposing brave,
 That sword which he lov'd still unbroken in its sheath,
 And himself unsubdued in his grave.

II.

Yet pause ! for, in fancy, a still voice I hear,
 As if breath'd from his brave heart's remains ;--
 Faint echo of that which, in Slavery's ear,
 Once sounded the war-word, "Burst your chains !"
 And it cries, from the grave where the hero lies deep :
 "Tho' the day of your Chieftain for ever hath set,
 "Oh ! leave not his sword thus inglorious to sleep,—
 "It hath victory's life in it yet !

III.

"Should some alien, unworthy such weapon to wield,
 "Dare to touch thee, my own gallant sword,
 "Then rest in thy sheath, like a talisman seal'd,
 "Or return to the grave of thy chainless lord.
 "But if grasp'd by a hand that hath learn'd the proud use
 "Of a falchion, like thee, on the battle-plain,—
 "Then, at Liberty's summons, like lightning let loose,
 "Leap forth from thy dark sheath again".

O ḐRAIN MÓIR!

Fonn—Aonac Cille Orongail.

I.

O Ḑrain móir! éaouh! Ḑrain móir!
 Ir ionoual anhr an oiréce,
 'Do rmuainim oiré tríá bhí me óg
 'Sur luaiténeac marí an gaoct.
 Cíó ríubal me beallaiḡ cam' an t-raoḡail
 Ais toiréacat reuin a' r ruidin
 Ní b-fuidin me an roḡ buó cleacatá liom
 So h-uaisneac ahr do éuan.

II.

Buó móc ahr bhuidá na h-aillle me,
 Ais fáinuḡad an lae le fonn;
 'S mo éiríde co leimneac leir na m-baro
 Bhí munc ahr bhárrí na o-tonn:
 No, 'nuair a laruigeac an múirí óub
 Le óir-rḡail lae ais oul faoi
 'Do tóirugear paréar ahrí a' t-ríuic,
 A láir an lóirain buíde.

III.

An paréar 'a ḡ-comnuigeann rḡaic na b-fian
 'O-tíir álum úirḡan euz,
 A cíótearí ais oul luíde do 'n ḡrén
 Marí rḡeulugear rílióeacat bhreuz.
 'B-fuil ríirín' ann,—'rna "cigcté 'toinn",
 Tá ais euluḡad uairn ḡan rḡic,
 'Siao raimail airling óig' neam-ḡrinn'
 Co ḡrannmarí 'r fóir ḡan bhíḡ.

O ARANMORE, LOV'D ARANMORE!

AIR—Killdronehall Fair.

I.

O Aranmore, lov'd Aranmore
 How oft' I dream of thee,
 And of those days when, by thy shore,
 I wander'd young and free!
 Full many a path I've tried since then,
 Through pleasure's flowery maze,
 But ne'er could find the bliss again
 I felt in those sweet days.

II.

How blithe upon thy breezy cliffs
 At sunny morn I've stood,
 With heart as bounding as the skiffs
 That danc'd along thy flood;
 Or, when the western wave grew bright
 With daylight's parting wing
 Have sought that Eden in the light
 Which dreaming poets sing;

III.

That Eden where th' immortal brave
 Dwell in a land serene,—
 Whose bow'rs beyond the shining wave
 At sunset, oft' are seen.
 Ah dream too full of sadd'ning truth!
 Those mansions o'er the main
 Are like the hopes I built in youth,—
 As sunny and as vain!

SEINN A ĆAOM ĆRUIT!

Fonn—ní' l fíor air.

I.

Seinn a Ćaom-Ćruit, Dam-ra Feinn
 Ceol air an am a b'i,
 A DúróĆar le n-a Ćaete binn'
 Bpón cuimne ann ar Ć-Ćpoide:
 Ceol a meamróĆar dúinn áro-tuaó
 Sgeit foluir air ar rliĆe,
 'Ćur ĆairĆió mór' le bairó 'Ć luaó
 'S doige 'noir, faoi rmuio na h-oióĆe.
 Seinn a Ćruit Ćaom, Dam-ra Feinn,
 Ir ionnan ar Ć-Ćian Ćo deo,
 'Do 'n t-raoĆal ro, fearó' ni baineann rinn
 A Ć-cian amáin tá'm' beo.

II.

NaĆ bpónaĆ ophaiĆeal Ćaet' na h-oióĆe
 MeaĆĆ oo Ćeua fann!
 Amáil rĆáimíóeaĆt tuairĆĆ Ćut na rĆĆ
 NaĆ cluineaó le fao' ann:
 Ćut cinnfeairt 'tá 'noir faoi Ćáil,
 Raib a o-tuaĆ, peir mear' ríor-buan
 'Ćuir rílió realbaó céim' a'Ć cáil'
 Ćan ainm 'noir faoi fuan.
 A Ćruit 'tá ophaiĆil Ćut na h-oióĆe.
 MeaĆĆ oo Ćeua' fann
 Ir oimáoin tuairĆĆ Ćut na rĆĆ
 Le faoa naĆ raib ann.

SING, SWEET HARP.

AIR—*Unknown.*

I.

Sing, sweet Harp, oh! sing to me
Some song of early days,
Whose sounds, in this sad memory
Long buried dreams shall raise:—
Some ray that tells of vanish'd flame,
Whose light once round us shone:
Of noble pride, now turn'd to shame,
And hopes for ever gone.
Sing, sad Harp, thus sing to me;
Alike our doom is cast,
Both lost to all but memory,
We live but in the past.

II.

How mournfully the midnight air
Among thy chords doth sigh,
As if it sought some echo there
Of voices long gone by:
Of chieftains, now forgot, who seem'd
The foremost then in fame;
Of bards who, once immortal deem'd,
Now sleep without a name.
In vain, sad Harp, the midnight air
Among thy chords doth sigh
In vain it seeks an echo there
Of voices long gone by.

III.

Dám b'fíoiri tuit-re blaóó ari air
 Cum na bočan zeuz
 Na zairzió' o' éirt leat, anoir 'nna o-táir'
 A'f fortaó' neir oóib' euz.
 Cao fáč, ní éipoaió cúim' le veor,
 Beit ciuinnuzaó bhúio' clan vaor.
 Fas iao, mar rin, faoi táin zo leor,
 Tá na mairib' aínain faor.
 Sorc, a ómuic órom ceuil na h-uaim'
 Fuaim fuazmaó luide lae.
 Na rsoirre no 'z éirteaó leat le cúim',
 Teiróeam, fear'oa' rior faoi 'n z-cré.

III.

Couldst thou but call those spirits round,
Who once, in bower and hall,
Sat listening to thy magic sound,
Now mute and mould'ring all;—
But, no; they would but wake to weep
Their children's slavery;
Then leave them in their dreamless sleep,
The dead at least are free!—
Hush, hush, sad Harp, that dreary tone,
That knell of Freedom's day;
Or, list'ning to its death-like moan,
Let me, too, die away.

APPENDIX.

AN DEORAIÓ AS ÉIRINN.

I.

Taimc cum na triáig' an deoraió ar Éirinn
Dúo trom, ruar an dhuict ari' fálain bí ran,
Bí aig ornađail faoi n-a tíri féin triá roim eiriđ na ghréine,
Siúbail le ari an énoic 'buaíl an múiri, boib teann.
Dearc re ari meult na marone go rári ghrinn
A d'éiriđ ari a mri féin bí fálcuigíte leir an lán toinn
Ann ari gnađac do beic reinnim go croidaimail 'r go h-ápo-binn
An t-abrián breáđ tíraimail, "Eire go briac".

II.

"Ir triađ e mo beata" ari'n deoraió boct, cmarote,
"Fagann an riac agur an faol-cú farđac ann gac gleann
Acť agam-ra ní'l díóean o'n leun 'nna b-fuilm báite
Baile, no áit comnuige, ní b-fuil agam ann;
Ní liom beic ari' annr a g-craob-boctan trílreac
Ann ari cáit mo ceap-rinri a n-aimrii go dílreac
No le bláó' aig gleur mo clarraiđ cum abriann breáđ, mílreac
Do clarrangr a ceuduib binn', "Eire go briac".

APPENDIX.

THE EXILE OF ERIN.

I.

There came to the beach a poor exile of Erin ;
The dew on his thin robe was heavy and chill ;
For his country he sigh'd when at twilight repairing
To wander alone by the wind-beaten hill ;
But the day-star attracted his eye's sad devotion,
For it rose o'er his own native isle of the ocean,
Where once in the fire of his youthful emotion
He sang the bold anthem of Erin-go-Brath.

II.

Oh ! sad is my fate, said the heart-broken stranger :
The wild deer and wolf to a covert can flee ;
But I have no refuge from famine and danger,
A home and a country remain not to me.
Ah ! never again in the green sunny bowers
Where my forefathers lived, shall I spend the sweet hours,
Or cover my harp with the wild-woven flowers,
And strike to the numbers of Erin-go-Brath.

III.

Éire! mo tír féin, ci faḡḡta ḡo leunmáir
 Ann mo airling' beirim cuairt air 'do éuanta bheas, ḡrádác,
 Aḡt faraoir! a 'o-tír coisḡeac, 'úrgáim neam-élaonmáir
 Ais ornaḡail fa mo ḡaoltaib' naḡ éirio ḡo bhráḡ:
 O mo éruaḡ éinamúin b-fuil re a n-'oán 'dam
 'Beit' 'realb' áirair ríotḡain' ḡan leanan baosḡail ḡo ḡnaḡác liom?
 'De mo bhráḡairib' 'ḡ mo éadairt ni beirḡ aon ḡo bhráḡ liom
 Fuair bár le mo éomairc no mo éaoineas 'o' fan beo.

IV.

Ca b-fuil ionḡuirḡe mo 'boḡain, b-focair na coille cnaobairḡe?
 'Óeirríúma 'ḡur áḡair ar éaon ríḡ ias air lár?
 Ca b-fuil an máḡair bí ais áirḡail m' óḡ laete?
 No ca b-fuil mo éairḡe 'o' éus a 'ḡean orḡa uil' báir?
 O mo éroiḡe b'rónaḡ a b-fao faḡḡta ḡo leannáir
 'S mairḡ a bí teann ar am neam-buan reunmáir!
 'S ffar 'do éis na 'deora uainn buairḡa 'ḡur aonmáir
 Aḡt ruaircar 'ḡur 'deire, ni tiocfairḡ air air ḡo bhráḡ.

V.

Aḡt 'néir ḡac' ḡrádác cuimne a éorḡ réir mo éumáḡta
 Tiocfairḡ aon air-rún amáin ó mo éroiḡe;
 Eire beir 'deorairḡ a beannaḡt 'uit le uáḡta,
 Tír mo éap-rínirir! Eire a éoiḡe!
 Trá beirḡear me rínḡe ann uaim fuair na cille
 ḡlar birḡeas 'do máḡa, "1" bheas na tuile
 'ḡur le 'oioḡmar reuab'rao cláirac' reirfairḡ an ríle
 Eire mo múirín! Eire ḡo bhráḡ!

III

Erin, my country, though sad and forsaken,
In dreams I revisit thy sea-beaten shore ;
But, alas ! in a far, foreign land I awaken,
And sigh for the friends who can meet me no more.
O cruel fate, wilt thou never replace me
In a mansion of peace, where no perils can chase me ?
Ah ! never again shall my brothers embrace me,
They died to defend me, or live to deplore.

IV.

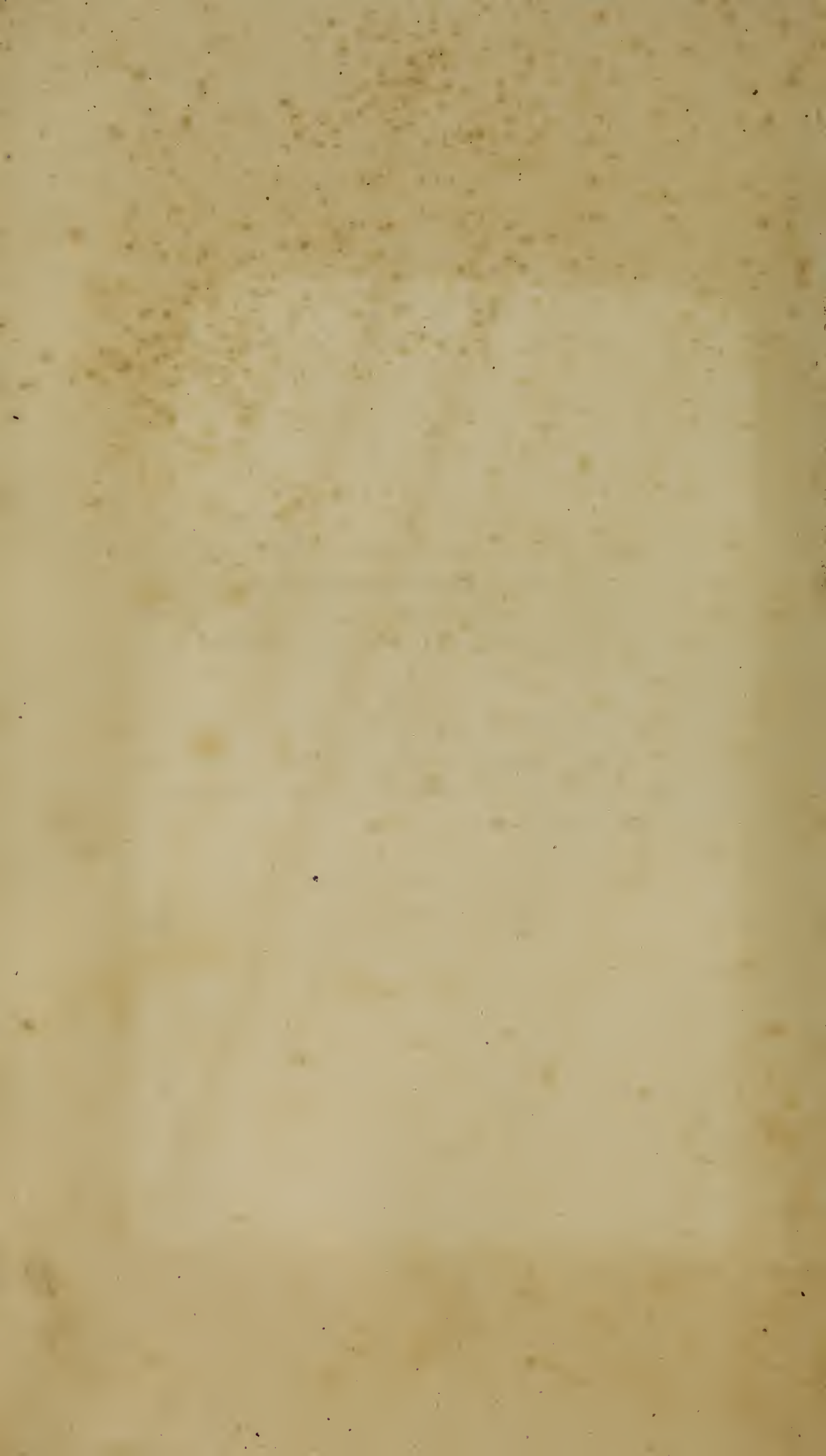
Where is my cabin-door, fast by the wild-wood ?
Sisters and sire, did you weep for its fall ?
Where is the mother that looked on my childhood ?
And where is the bosom friend dearer than all ?
O my sad heart ! long abandoned by pleasure,
Why did it dote on a fast-fading treasure ?
Tears, like the rain-drop, may fall without measure,
But rapture and beauty they cannot recall.

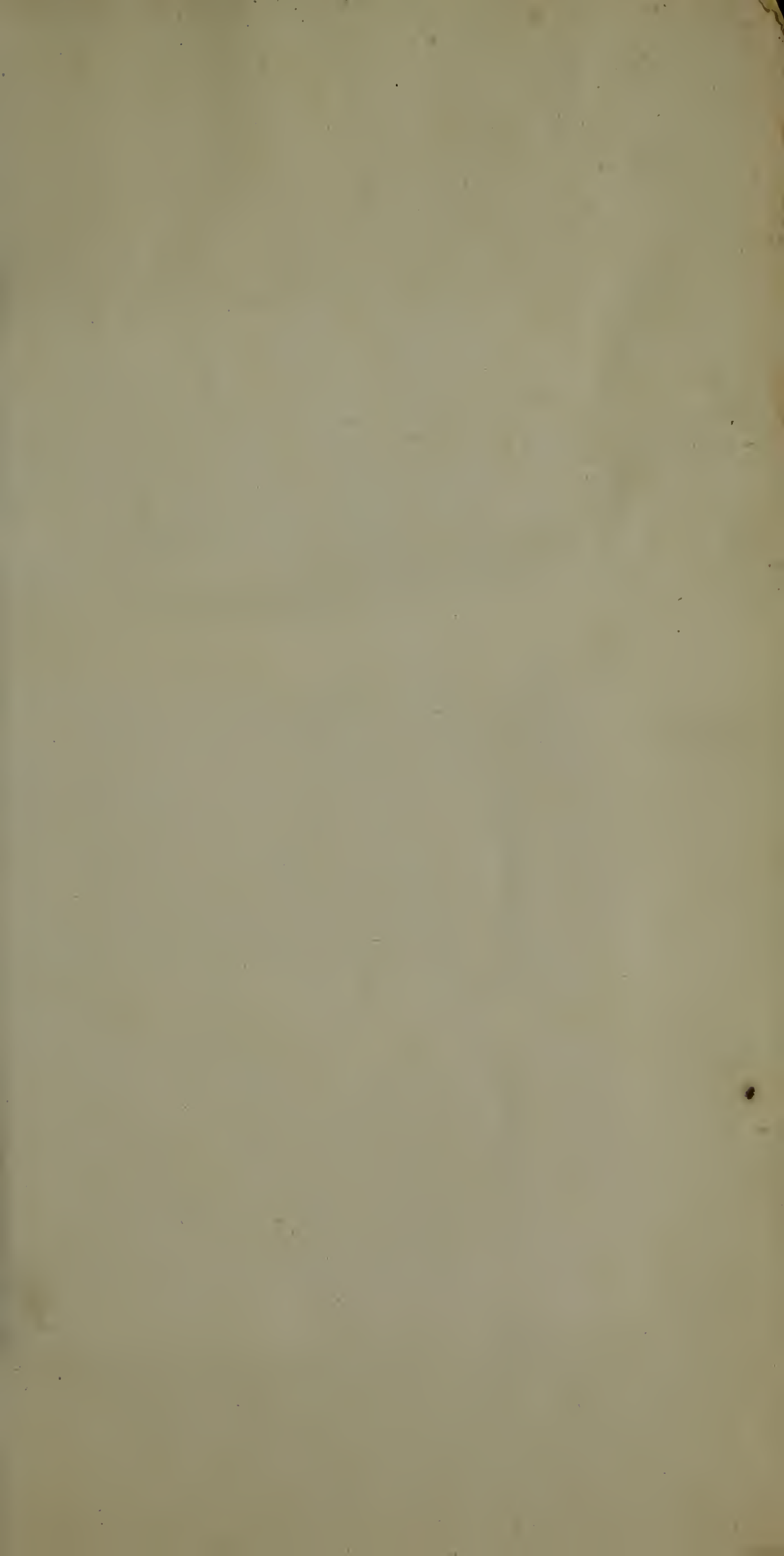
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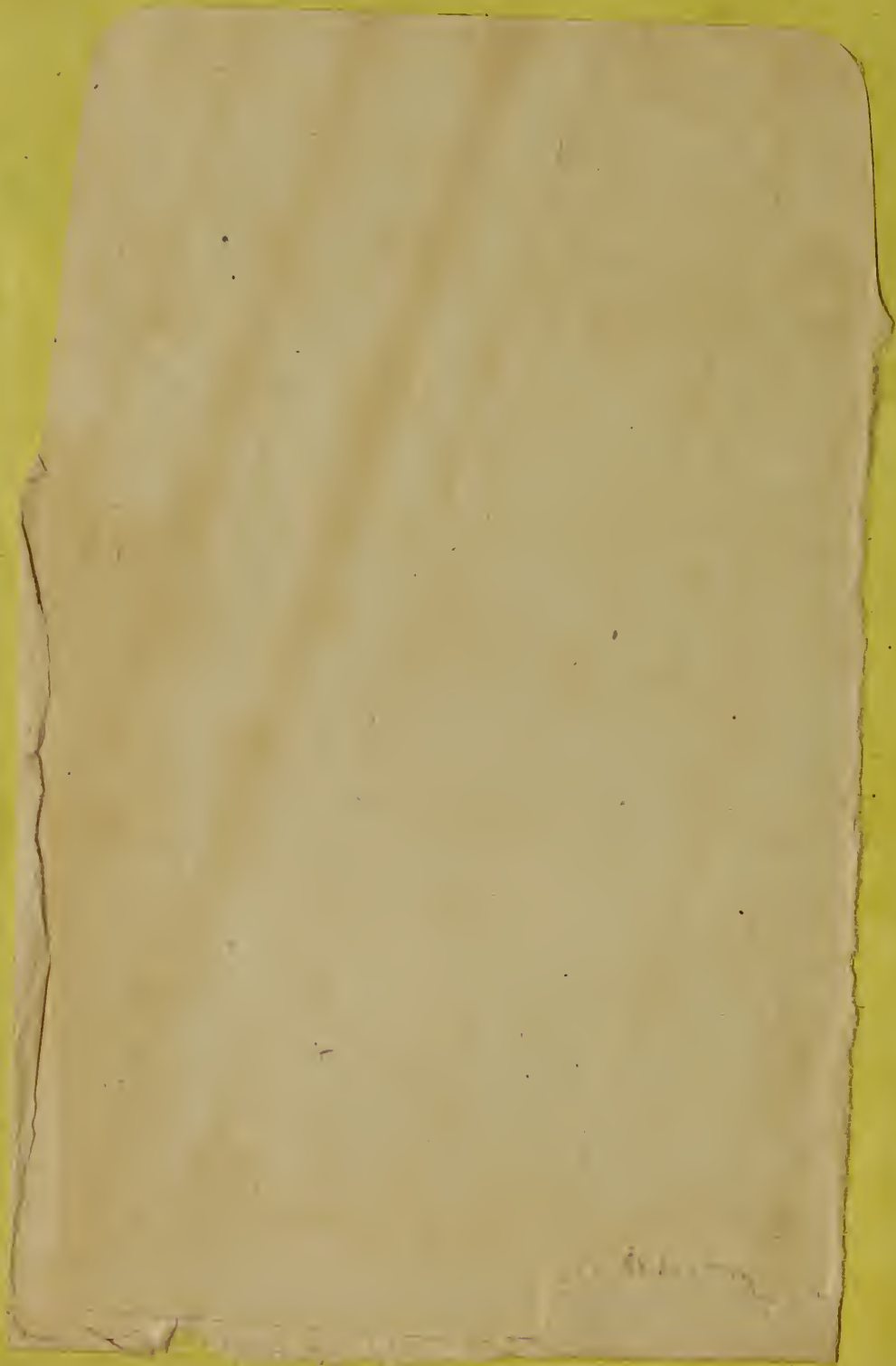
Yet, all its sad recollections suppressing,
One dying wish my lone bosom can draw—
Erin, an exile bequeaths thee his blessing,
Land of me forefathers—Erin-go-Brath !
Buried and cold, when my heart stills its motion,
Green be thy fields, sweetest isle of the ocean,
And thy harp-striking bards sing aloud with devotion,
Erin mavourneen, Erin-go-Brath !

To the courtesy of the Messrs. LONGMAN, GREEN, AND CO., London, the reader is indebted for the rare advantage of having in the present edition of the MELODIES, the English original of the later songs of Moore with the Irish Version placed before him in juxtaposition.

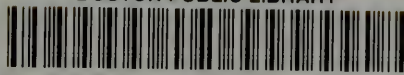
To the application made to them on the subject, they write :
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